

1916

The Spinster (1916)

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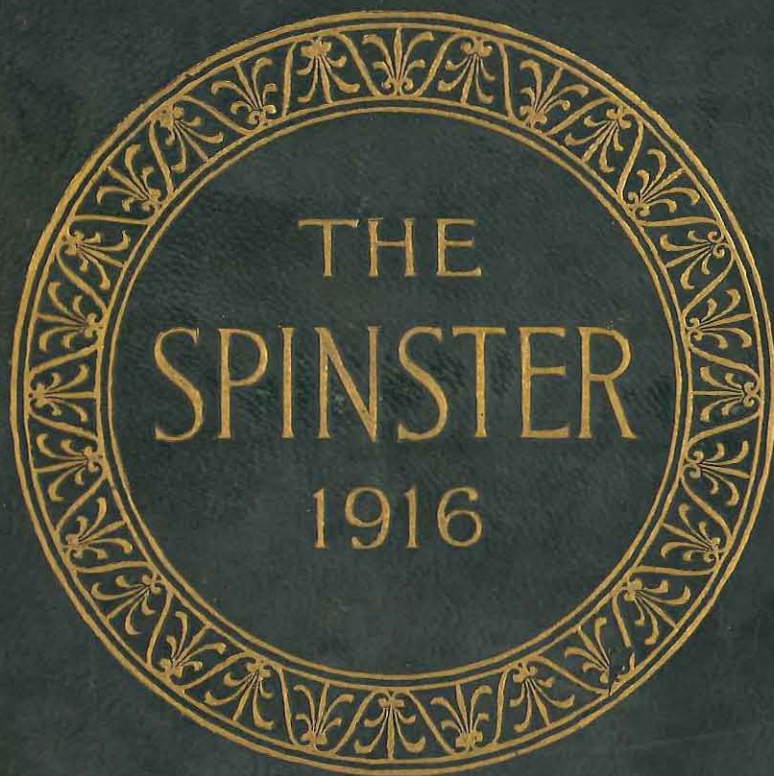


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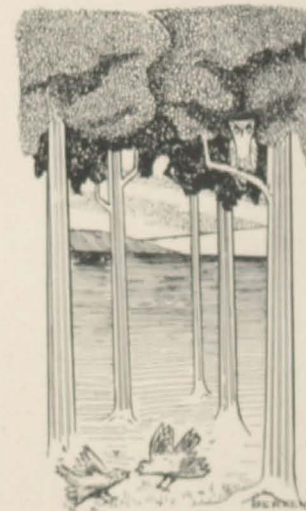
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THE
SPINSTER
1916

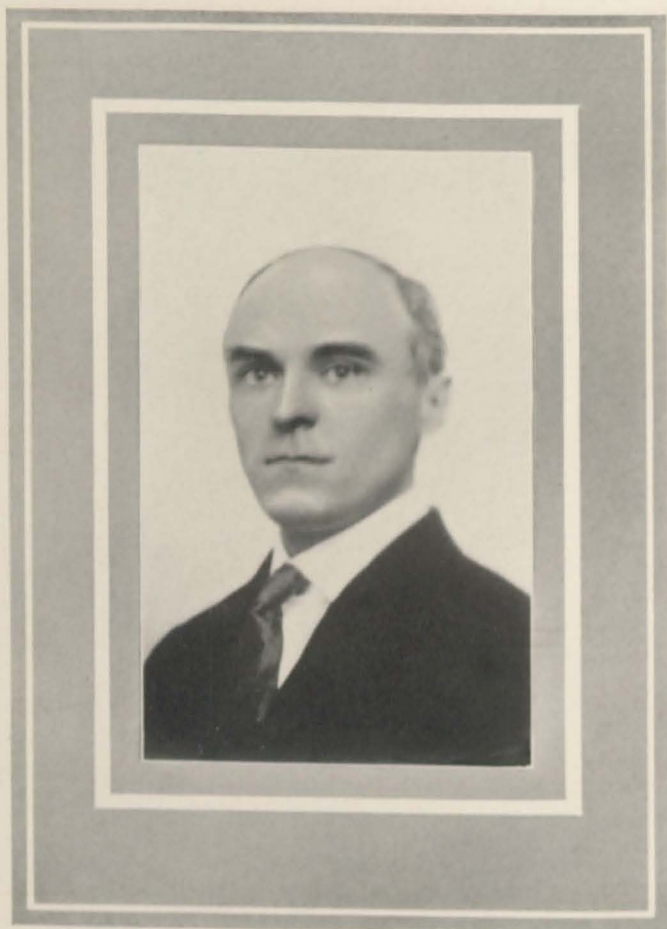


THE SPINSTER



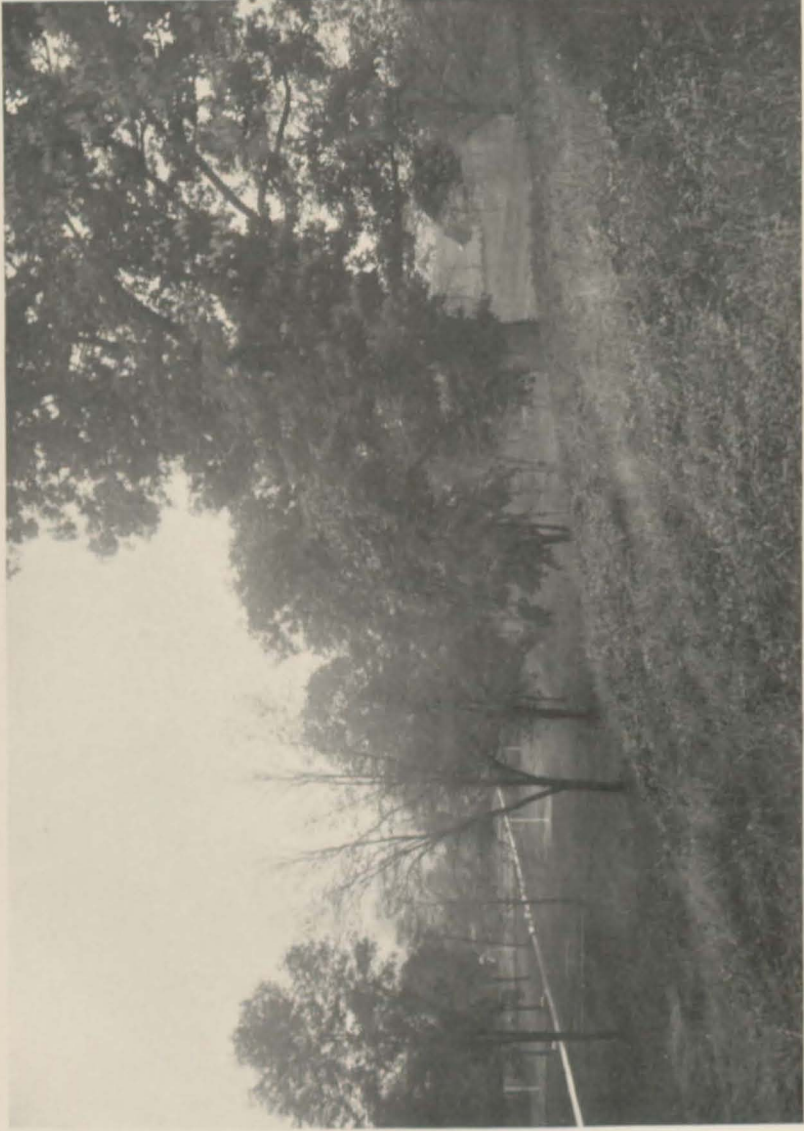
Where singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives

EDITED BY
The Students of Hollins College
Virginia
Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen



M. ESTES COCKE

Dedication As the days of this Hollins year
have one after one slipped by,
we have sought to capture some of the joy which
has gilded each of them, and to bind it for safe
keeping between these covers ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀
And it now falls to us to ask you, Mr. M. Estes Cocke, to
accept this SPINSTER, the book of our common memories
and ideals, as a pledge of our loyalty and affection: be-
cause with an aim single to the highest good of our Alma
Mater you devote yourself to the ever-advancing needs
of college women; because in your daily life among us,
we feel the influence of the impartial and open mind you
have won in the love of truth in science and in life; and
because we admire the full stature of a Southern Chris-
tian gentleman that we see in you ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀



The tree in which, according to tradition, John Carvin, the first settler in the valley, found refuge while the Indians passed beneath.















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ART, EXPRESSION, ETC.

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Expression

MISS ANNE ADAMS
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Domestic Science

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(Graduate Chautauqua School of Physical Education)
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Superintendent of Infirmary

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Chaperone

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Housekeeper

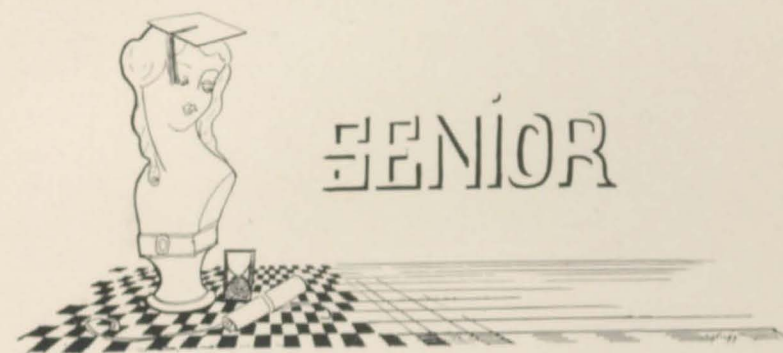
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BIRDIE MAY JACKSON
VIRGINIA LEE MILTON
Assistants to Librarian



"BREATHING FIRM COURAGE
BENT ON MUTUAL AID"





MOTTO—Per Aspera ad Astra

FLOWER—Daisy

COLORS—Garnet and Gold

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BESSIE MONROE	<i>President</i>
ALMA NIX	<i>Vice President</i>
CORNELIA ALDERSON	<i>Secretary</i>
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MISS MAMIE SINGLETON



BESS MONROE.....Brookneal, Virginia
Entered 1909

A F; Preparatory Department 1909-1911; President Freshman Class 1912-1913; President Senior Class 1915-1916; SPINSTER Staff 1914-1916; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-1916; Choir 1911-1915; Glee Club 1911-1915; T-A-R; Joker; Sphinx; Dramatic Club; Cotillion Club; Pan-Hellenic Representative A F; Wagner Club; Sophomore Basket-Ball Team 1914.



CORNELIA COLEMAN ALDERSON.....Alderson, West Virginia
Entered 1912

Euzelian Literary Society, Euzelian Open Meeting, 1915; Secretary Senior Class; Vice President West Virginia Club 1914-1915; President West Virginia Club 1915-1916; Dramatic Club.





ALICE BUCKNER.....Erlanger, Kentucky
Entered 1909

Sub-collegiate Department 1909-1912; $\Delta \Gamma$; D-R-A-G-O-N; Euzelian; K-I; Daring Dodger; Vice President Kentucky Club 1914-1915; President Kentucky Club 1915-1916; Associate Editor of *Magazine* 1915-1916; Historical Quartette; Essayist for Euzelian Open Meeting 1916; Treasurer of Pan-Hellenic Association 1914-1915; Pan-Hellenic Representative for $\Delta \Gamma$ 1915-1916; Secretary of Y. W. C. A. 1915-1916; Sophomore Basket-Ball Team, (sub-guard) 1914; Class Historian.



ESTHER CAREY COX.....532 North St., Portsmouth, Virginia
Entered 1911

Irregular 1911-1913; $\Delta \Delta \Delta$; Euzelian; Member Student Council 1912-1913; Financial Secretary Euzelian 1912-1913; *Magazine* Staff 1912-1914; Sophomore Basket-Ball Team 1914; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-1915; Financial Secretary Euzelian 1914-1915; Treasurer Junior Class 1914-1915; President Y. W. C. A. 1915-1916; Member Euzelian Team Inter-Society Debate 1915; Vice President Virginia Club 1915-1916; Member Executive Council (Senior Representative) 1915-1916; President Euzelian Open Meeting 1916; Member Euzelian Team Inter-Society Debate 1916; *Magazine* Staff 1915-1916; A-D-A; Dramatic Club.





MARY BELLE CULROSS.....Williamson, West Virginia
Entered 1911

Preparatory Department 1911-1912; West Virginia Club; Euepian; Secretary-Treasurer West Virginia Club 1915-1916; Chairman Program Committee Euepian 1915-1916; Treasurer Senior Class 1915-1916.



GLADYS GORMAN.....Durham, North Carolina
Entered 1912

K Δ; D-R-A-G-O-N; Euzelian; North Carolina Club; Vice President North Carolina Club 1913-1915; President North Carolina Club 1915-1916; Secretary Euzelian 1915; Essayist Euzelian Open Meeting 1914; Secretary Euzelian Open Meeting 1915; Vice President Euzelian Open Meeting 1916; Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1914-1915; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1915-1916; Choir 1913-1914; President Junior Class 1914-1915; Secretary Student Body Association 1914-1915; Student Council 1914-1915; Pan-Hellenic K Δ Representative 1914-1916; Magazine Staff 1913-1915; Dramatic Club 1914-1916; President Student Government Association 1915-1916.





MARGARET GRAVATT.....Hollins, Virginia
Entered 1912

Δ Δ Δ; Euzelian; Virginia Club; Day Student 1912-1915; Resident 1915-1916; Sophomore Basket-Ball Team 1913-1914; Secretary Junior Class 1914-1915; Mohican Team 1914-1915; Hollins Choral Club; Captain Mohican Basket-Ball Team 1915-1916.



MARY MARGARET HOWARD.....Mt. Vernon, Illinois
Entered 1912

Φ Μ Γ; Euzelian; T-A-R; Dramatic Club; Wagner Music Club; Yankee Club; *Magazine* Staff 1913-1914; Sophomore Basket-Ball Team 1914; Sophomore Class Debate 1914; Euzelian Open Meeting 1914-1916; Member Euzelian Team Inter-Society Debate 1913-1914; Vice President Junior Class; Secretary Euzelian Society 1914; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-1915; Pan-Hellenic Representative Φ Μ Γ 1914-1915, 1915-1916; Captain Euzelian Team Inter-Society Debate 1914-1915, 1915-1916; Editor-in-Chief *Magazine* 1914-1915, 1915-1916; Graduate in Expression 1915; Senior Representative Executive Council 1915-1916; Vice President Y. W. C. A. 1915-1916; Treasurer Pan-Hellenic Association 1915-1916.





ALMA NIX.....East Rockaway, New York
Entered 1911

Δ T B 1911-1914; Δ Δ Δ 1914-1916; Preparatory Department 1911-1912; Euepian; Historical Quartette; Treasurer Student Body Association 1913-1914; Secretary-Treasurer Yankee Club 1913-1914; Treasurer Sophomore Class 1913-1914; Magazine Staff 1913-1915; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1913-1914; Annual Member Student Department of South Atlantic Field of Y. W. C. A. 1914-1916; Member Euepian Team Inter-Society Debate 1915; Δ Δ Δ Representative in Pan-Hellenic 1914-1915; President Yankee Club 1914-1916; Dramatic Club 1914-1916; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER 1915-1916; Senior Representative on Executive Council 1915-1916; Vice President Senior Class 1915-1916; President Euepian Lee Evening 1916.



CATHARINE PHILSON. .642 Napoleon Street, Johnstown, Pennsylvania
Entered 1912

Δ Δ Δ; Euepian; Leader Mohican Rooters 1915-1916; Δ T B 1913-1914; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1914-1916; SPINSTER Staff 1914-1915; Art Editor SPINSTER 1915-1916; Secretary and Treasurer Pennsylvania Club 1913-1914; Yankee Club; President Pennsylvania Club 1915-1916; Dramatic Club; President Choral Club 1915-1916; Choir 1913-1915; Choral Club 1912-1916; Daring Dodger; K-I; Mummy; T-A-R; Historical Quartette.





EMILY TWITTYHartsville, South Carolina
Entered 1911

Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Glee Club 1913; Tramp Club 1914-1915; Vice President South Carolina Club 1913-1914; D-O-R; Night Hawk; Secretary and Treasurer South Carolina Club 1912, 1914, 1915, 1916; M-G-H-S; Striker.



ANNA WHITNER.....Rock Hill, South Carolina
Entered 1913

Φ M; Euepian; South Carolina Club 1913-1916; Yemassee Team 1913-1915; Captain Yemassee Team 1915-1916; Tennis Manager 1914-1915; President Athletic Association 1914-1915; President South Carolina Club; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1915-1916; Vice President Lee Evening 1916; Magazine Staff 1915-1916; Pan-Hellenic Representative Φ M 1914-1915; President Pan-Hellenic Association 1915-1916; D-R-A-G-O-N; Sphinx; Joker; A-D-A; Fam.; Cotillion Club; Wagner Club.



Perspice

*We stand upon thy mountain's brink to-day;
Thy visions, Hollins Mother, guide no more;
We dare not seek the vale that lies before,
We linger lest our feet should miss the way,
Frail and afraid.
For clouds hang heavy o'er yon distant height,
Our paths are lonely, strange and dark with gloom:
Humble, we kneel here in thy dew's perfume,
To seek a vision that will be our light,
Pleading thy aid.*

*Ah, comrades, look! Beyond the rising cloud,
Our end and guide revealed, a woman stands,
With firm yet tender lips, keen eye, and hands
That offer strength to all the yearning crowd,
Though high or low.
The mist! It veils the phantom! Yet its light
Shall ever lead us firm in ways unknown;
True to thy vision we shall still be one.
Now, sorrowing yet gladly, from thy height
We boldly go.*

ALMA NIX.

The Pilgrims of 1916



IN the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twelve I came from the land of the Blue Grass into Hollins, a warm sunny country where there were many mountains and streams, and the valleys were green and bright with flowers. In this land there was a wondrous castle, called Knowledge, to which year after year many came to explore its mysteries. Soon I discovered a group of pilgrims who, like myself, were planning to start out for the Castle of Knowledge, and when I asked permission to go with them they granted it, for the journey was long and perilous and they wished to have many in the band. We knew that the quest would be full of trials and dangers, but we were young and exceedingly willing. It was made harder for us because each one of us was obliged to carry on her back a heavy burden upon which was written in plain letters the word, Ignorance. As we traveled along the way, some groaned and fretted under the weight of their load, but others took it cheerfully, feeling that in due time it would be lightened and perhaps removed, if we only strove hard enough. However, every one was full of life, hope, and confidence, the very joy in living and being together preventing doubts or fears. We were content in the passing moment, but there was far in the distance a brilliant lodestar, in the degree of A. B., and to this all faces were turned with eager longing. And so we traveled on, keeping close together, sometimes growing weary but never discouraged.

Then finally one day we reached the Slough of Despond. The journey through this was extremely difficult, and nearly half of our band was unable to go on. With great indecision we all floundered about help-

lessly for a time. A number of the pilgrims, discouraged, returned home, still bearing their burden, but the rest of us persevered in the struggle until we had reached the opposite bank where Help was waiting for us. We likewise still carried the burdens, but they were becoming gradually lighter. Having now passed safely through the Slough of Despond, we gained new life and hope, and the feeling of comradeship was strengthened.

Soon we found ourselves just outside of a gate, upon which was inscribed in large letters, 1913. Upon knocking we were admitted by Good Will, and we entered joyfully. But we hadn't yet reached our goal, and at times we became very weary. There were also times when the burdens seemed to grow heavier and heavier, and our goal unattainable. Some of our band grew restless under the monotony of the journey, impatient at being compelled to travel on and on, seeming never to gain anything, and at such times they made boastful vainglorious speeches about striking out into new and unexplored highways and byways. But others cheered them with words of encouragement, thus helping them along the rough way.

One day the figure of a man appeared suddenly in our path. We looked and saw that he was holding something out toward one of our band. She took it from him and we perceived that it was a scroll, which revealed to her her gift in the art of poetry. Greatly did we rejoice with her, and joy like sorrow drew us closer together. Now the most serious obstacle to be surmounted was the hill, Difficulty. This hill was steep and rough, and to climb it took courage, patience, and trust. The burdens seemed almost unbearable, and more than one went down under the load. These also returned to their homes, carrying their burdens upon their backs.

Fierce lions guarded the door of 1914, by which we entered the Palace Beautiful. Those who had managed to reach the summit of the hill of Difficulty safely passed these lions and went on their way rejoicing,

for the load of ignorance had become still lighter and more manageable. A brief sojourn in the Palace Beautiful refreshed us, and we were strengthened to meet the necessary and inevitable trials which yet had to be encountered. When pausing doubtfully on the mount called Error we looked off in the distance and saw the peaks of the Delectable Mountains, over which our lodestar gleamed brightly. With this promised reward before us, we went down bravely into the Valley of Humiliation, and there fought with Apollyon. Hard and cruel as he was, he did not overcome us for we were now filled with a great determination. So we cast him aside and went on together in the straight and narrow way.

Our ranks were suddenly thrown into confusion as one of the pilgrims stopped and pressed her hand over her eyes. We soon perceived that her sight had been dazzled by a certain brilliant jewel. Upon closer examination of the wondrous gem we found engraved upon it the letter M, and the pilgrim knew that she was to shine in literary circles. And another exclaimed over a bird of bright plumage which flew toward her and rested on her shoulder and burst into melodious song, pouring out its little soul into the soul of the pilgrim who forthwith began to sing in the sweetest of strains.

More than once we were accosted by Envy, who filled us with a desire to obtain immediately that for which others had spent years of working and waiting. Often had we heard of the plain called Ease, but we looked in vain for it, and more than once we were reminded of the old saying, "There's no rest for the weary." But Hope soon returned to us and we traveled on faster for a while. At length we grew foot-sore and weary and thinking of the troubles which were yet to come, we lost our way. In wandering aimlessly about we found ourselves in the very depths of the Woods of Doubt and Fear, in which lived a giant whose name was Despair. Here we suffered many tortures, but we were led out of the danger by Promise, and in joy went on our way.

Even after this several wandered in the wrong paths, and in 1915 as we stood at the foot of the Delectable Mountains, there were twelve pilgrims left to do the climbing. Experience and knowledge had made us wiser and we realized that even yet our lodestar was far above us. At the edge of a great cliff called Mount Clear we were allowed to look through the Perspective glass, far into the future, but the view was still hazy and uncertain.

And then we came upon a meadow which was full of flowers, some large and some small, but all beautiful in their many shades and fragrances. And certain of these flowers seemed to beckon graciously to different members of our band who ran forward delightedly to gather them. One plucked a beautiful rose, the queen of all other flowers, and by this she knew that she was to guide the Pilgrim band on the rest of its journey. One paused before a small white flower, and as she broke the tender stem she saw that a gleaming white star was nodding up at her, telling her of her mission as a leader in the work for Christ. Another gathered a number of beautiful leaves and bound them together with long grasses. When she had finished she gazed earnestly at her work and perceived on the top of her book an emblem which revealed a maiden sitting before a wheel which she seemed to turn always. Still another of the pilgrims peered deeply into a flower which was called Wisdom and there she discovered how she might teach people the art of governing themselves. But in a little group away from the rest, there were several large, showy flowers, and the pilgrims who gathered them knew that they would gain renown in the art of acting. The rest of us were content with the small, modest buds which we were allowed to gather and we clung closely together as we rejoiced over the good fortune of the band.

As we realized that we were nearly at our journey's end, we felt as though we might have entered an Enchanted Ground, but the strength which we had gained during the journey helped us to remember that the great race was not yet won, and that we must keep awake and alert.

Finally we reached the top of the Delectable Mountains. Even now before we could obtain that "pearl of great price" for which we had traveled so long and earnestly there was a deep, dark river to cross. We knew that there had been times when travelers had gone down in this stream, so it was with a great dread that we entered into it. However, we did reach the other bank and there was waiting for us our lodestar in the degree of A. B. The great burden had slipped from our backs, and while ignorance was no longer with us we were possessed of a knowledge of all the mysteries which were yet to be revealed to us. And as we grasped the long-sought-for prize we understood something of the meaning of those words, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

ALICE BUCKNER, *Historian.*



Junior Class Roll

- BEULAH BENNETT.....2702 Olive Street, Saint Joseph, Missouri
 Φ M Γ; Euepian.
- ESTELLE DUFFY.....Haymakertown, Virginia
 Euzelian; Virginia Club.
- ALLIE FECHTIG.....1810 Princess Street, Wilmington, North Carolina
 Euepian; Tar Heel Club; Treasurer Y. W. C. A.; Tennis Manager; Executive Council; Assistant Business Manager SPINSTER; Secretary Lee Evening.
- AGNES HANSON.....808 Georgia Avenue, Bristol, Tennessee
 Φ M; Euepian; Wagner Club; Virginia Club; Magazine Staff; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Historical Quartette; Lee Evening Essayist.
- EDNA HURM.....721 Main Street, Hamilton, Ohio
 Λ Γ; Euepian; Secretary and Treasurer Yankee Club; President Ohio Club; Editor-in-Chief of Magazine; Wagner Club; Executive Council; Euepian Captain Debating Team.
- SARAH KATHARINE HUTTON.....Abingdon, Virginia
 K Δ; Euzelian; Virginia Club.
- BIRDIE MAY JACKSON.....929 Fulton Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland
 Euzelian; Maryland Club; Assistant Librarian.
- KATHARINE JUDKINS.....563 Park Avenue, New York, New York
 Λ Γ; Euzelian; D-R-A-G-O-N; Mummy; I-M-P; Masker; Yemassee Team; Cotillion Club; Virginia Club.
- HELEN MCCOY.....718 Chelsea Street, Sistersville, West Virginia
 Δ Δ Δ; Euepian; D-R-A-G-O-N; Mummy; Masker; Cotillion Club; I-M-P; J-U-G; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Secretary Student Government Association.
- RUTH MONROE.....Brookneal, Virginia
 Λ Γ; Euzelian; T-A-R; A-D-A; Joker; Executive Council; Business Manager Magazine; Virginia Club.
- JENNIE SNEAD.....Clifton Forge, Virginia
 Λ Γ; Euzelian; Virginia Club; Dramatic Club; Masker; SPINSTER Staff; Debating Team; Chairman Program Committee.
- ELIZABETH TERRILL.....Roanoke, Virginia
 Virginia Club.
- MARGARET WHITE.....Chester, South Carolina
 Φ M; South Carolina Club; Euepian.





MOTTO—Curemus Efficiemus

FLOWER—Daisy

COLORS—Red and White

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- DORIS HUFFVice President
- MARTHA DIVENSecretary
- LESLIE PATTERSONTreasurer

Sponser

MISS RACHEL WILSON



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class Roll

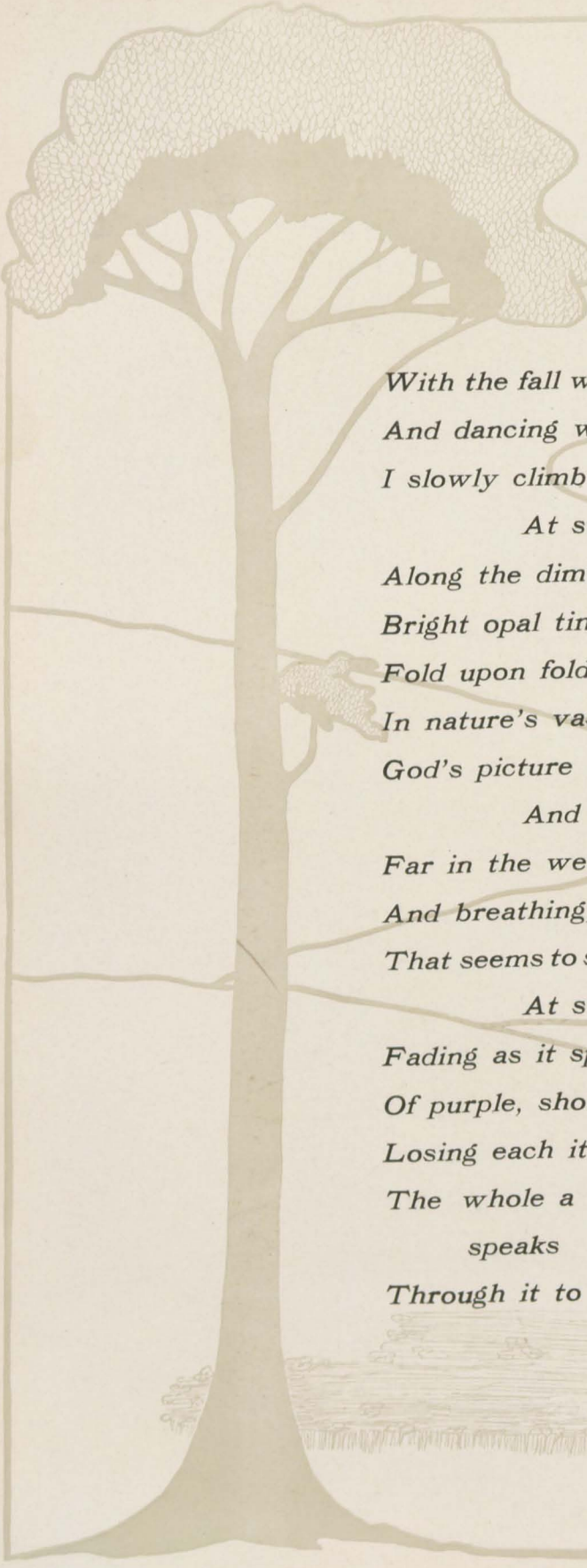
- NORAH ANDERSON.....531 South Fountain Avenue, Springfield, Ohio
A F; Yankee Club; Mummy; Joker; Buckeye Club.
- EMILY BATTLE.....Charlottesville, Virginia
B Z O; Euepian; Striker; Virginia Club.
- ANNA CAMPBELL.....324 Church Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Magazine Staff; Executive Council; Pres'dent Sophomore Class.
- MARY NIXON DARDEN.....217 Red Cross Street, Wilmington, North Carolina
K Δ; North Carolina Club; Striker.
- MARTHA DIVEN.....1107 West Eighth Street, Anderson, Indiana
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Yankee Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; A-D-A; Joker; Financial
Secretary Euzelian; Φ M Γ Pan-Hellenic Representative.
- ABIGAIL FORD.....Lynchburg, Virginia
Euzelian; Virginia Club.
- ELLA HAYNESWORTH.....769 North Main Street, Greensboro, South Carolina
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Vice President South Carolina Club.
- DORIS HUFF.....706 Campbell Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia
B Z O; Euzelian; Virginia Club.
- MAY HYSLOP.....Belle Haven, Virginia
Euzelian; Virginia Club; Executive Council.
- LOUISE McLAUCHLIN504 Mowbray Arch, Norfolk, Virginia
Φ M; Euepian; Virginia Club; Magazine Staff.
- PATTY MOSBY.....Somerville, Tennessee
B Z O; Euepian.
- LESLIE PATTERSON.....Chatham, Virginia
B Z O; Euzelian; Secretary and Treasurer Virginia Club; Magazine Staff.
- FLORENCE WATKINS.....1215 DeBree Street, Norfolk, Virginia
Euzelian; Virginia Club.
- EDITH WILSON.....New Canton, Virginia
Φ M; Euepian; Yemassee Team; Virginia Club; Assistant Business Manager
Magazine.



Sophomore Class Roll

- NORAH ANDERSON.....531 South Fountain Avenue, Springfield, Ohio
 Λ Γ; Yankee Club; Mummy; Joker; Buckeye Club.
- EMILY BATTLE.....Charlottesville, Virginia
 Β Σ Ο; Euepian; Striker; Virginia Club.
- ANNA CAMPBELL.....324 Church Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia
 Φ Μ Γ; Euzelian; *Magazine* Staff; Executive Council; Pres'dent Sophomore Class.
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 Secretary Euzelian; Φ Μ Γ Pan-Hellenic Representative.
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 Β Σ Ο; Euzelian; Virginia Club.
- MAY HYSLOP.....Belle Haven, Virginia
 Euzelian; Virginia Club; Executive Council.
- LOUISE McLAUCHLIN504 Mowbray Arch, Norfolk, Virginia
 Φ Μ; Euepian; Virginia Club; *Magazine* Staff.
- PATTY MOSBY.....Somerville, Tennessee
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- FLORENCE WATKINS.....1215 DeBree Street, Norfolk, Virginia
 Euzelian; Virginia Club.
- EDITH WILSON.....New Canton, Virginia
 Φ Μ; Euepian; Yemassee Team; Virginia Club; Assistant Business Manager
Magazine.





AT SUNSET

*With the fall wind whispering through the trees
And dancing with the fluttering leaves,
I slowly climb the wayside hill*

At sunset.

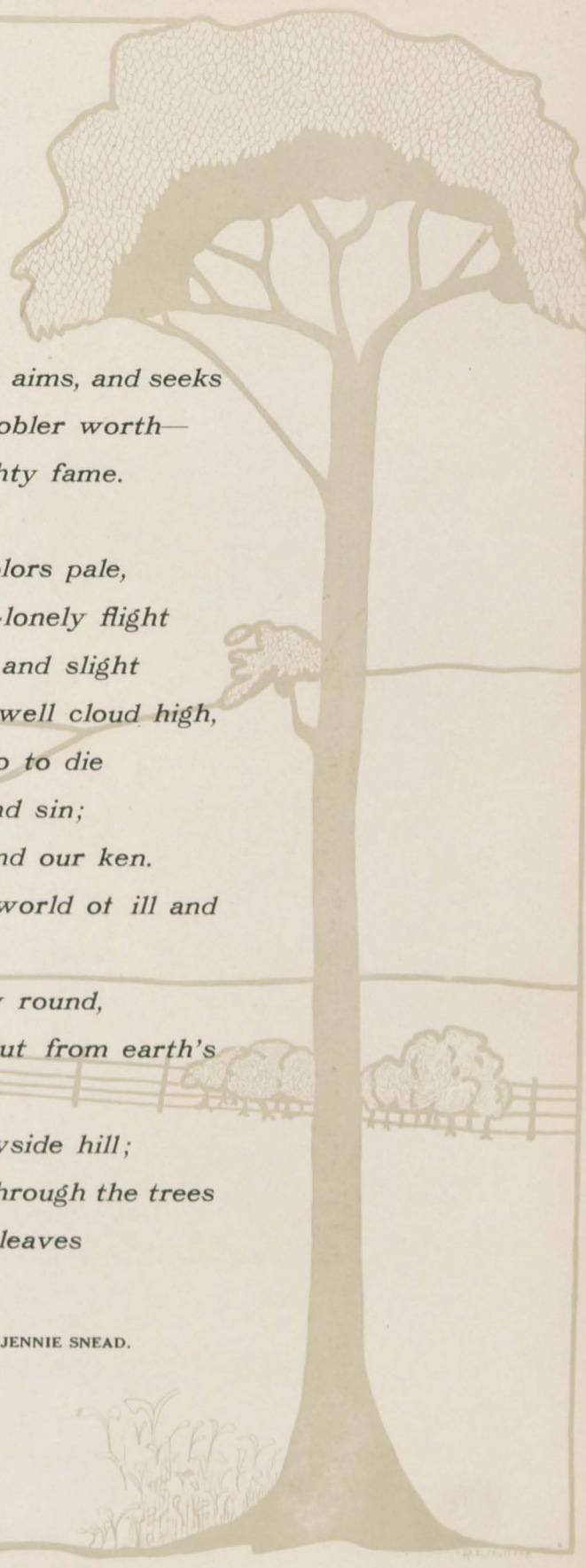
*Along the dim horizon line
Bright opal tints merge into amethyst,
Fold upon fold the vivid colors spill
In nature's vast extravagance, until
God's picture there is perfect*

And divine.

*Far in the west a blaze of living flame
And breathing, seething fire
That seems to scorch the far dim mountain peaks*

At sunset.

*Fading as it spreads to smould'ring banks
Of purple, shot with yellow, blurred with red,
Losing each itself within the other,
The whole a wondrous work of God, who
speaks
Through it to me, blind creature of the earth,*



*Drives from me all life's sordid aims, and seeks
To lead me on to dreams of nobler worth—
To large ambitions, glory, mighty fame.*

Then, lo!

*Slowly the vision fades, the colors pale,
And I, returning from my soul-lonely flight
To earth's grim days of strife and slight
Remember Him who did not dwell cloud high,
But came to live a man, and so to die
Amid humanity's dark griefs and sin;
He did not seek to dwell beyond our ken.
So, pondering well upon this world of ill and
woe,*

*Upon the humble tasks of daily round,
Not from the heights above, but from earth's
ground,—*

*I slowly clamber down the wayside hill;
Where the fall wind whispers through the trees
And dances with the fluttering leaves*

At sunset.

—JENNIE SNEAD.







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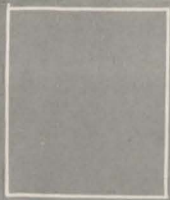
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The Euzelian Stock Company

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"MISS HOBBS"

BY

JEROME K. JEROME

HOLLINS THEATER

April 8th, 1916

✦ ✦

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As Wolff Kingsearl

WOLFF KINGSEARLC. Judkins

PERCIVAL KINGSEARLS. Buckner

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MILLICENT FAREYLuise Rath

JANEMary Cobb

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ACT I The Drawing Room at the Kingsearl's House at New Haven
(New York)

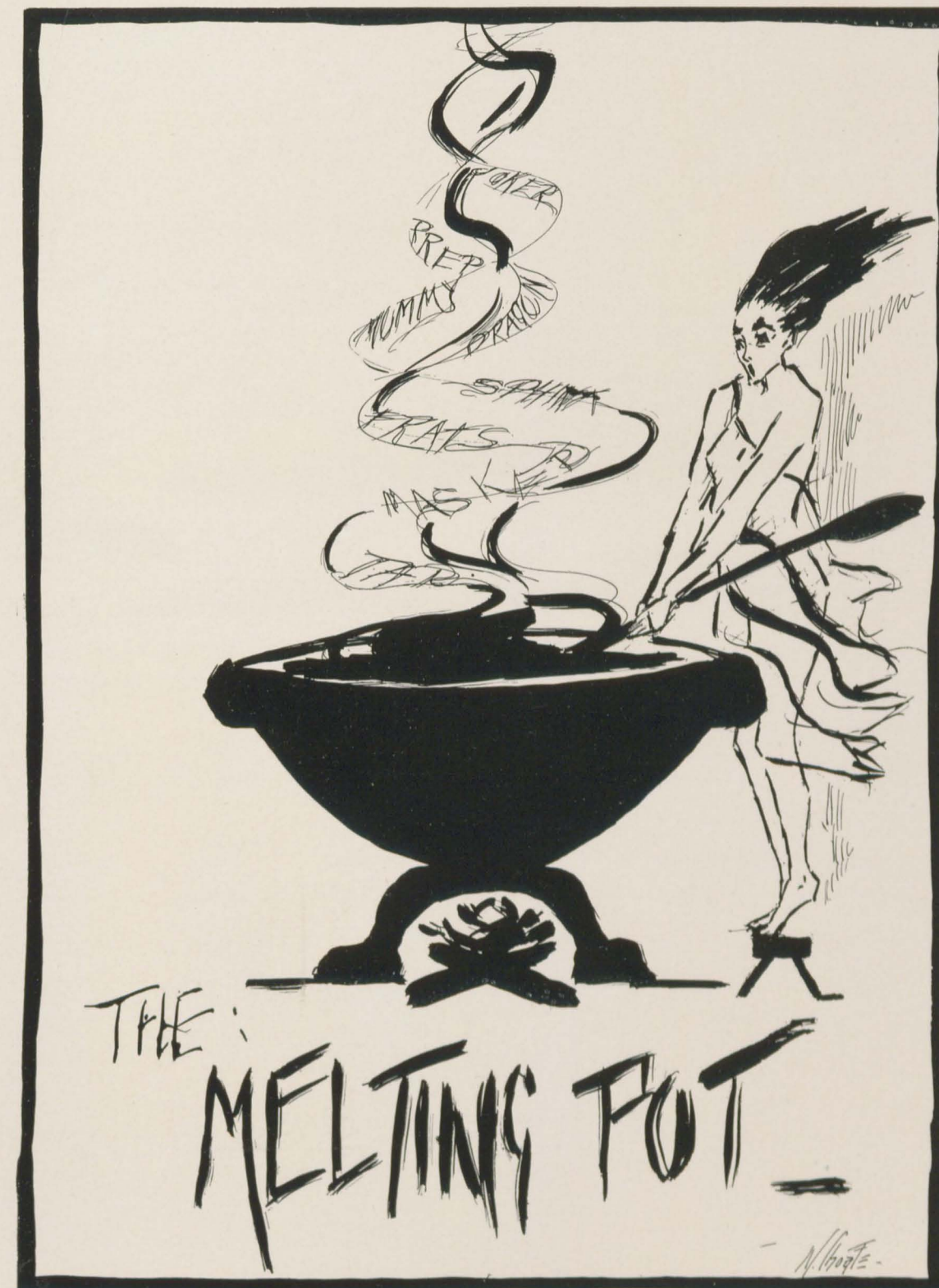
ACT II Drawing Room at Mill House

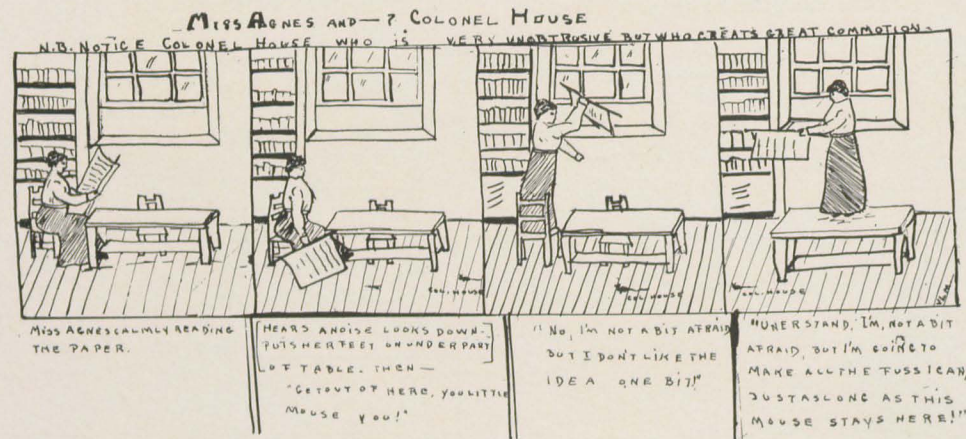
ACT III Cabin of the Yacht "Good Chance"

ACT IV Same as Act I



ELIZABETH TINSLEY
As Miss Hobbs





RUSHING

First it's Anne and Alice and Mary and May,
Then it's Betty and Bessie and Sarah—
oh, say,
Won't it ever stop—this infernal rushing?
This smiling and bowing and eternal gushing?
To college we came for study supposedly,
But such things we shirk every day most composedly;

To look at all Freshmen with eye quite appraising
And be sweet and nice to an extent amazing.
But wait 'til that day, the first of December,
Rolls 'round—just you hear me now and remember—
Then, 'tween us, my dear, I'll say on the level,
All new girls I know can go to the—

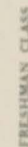
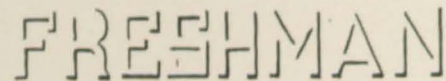
J. S.



Afterword

To-day, the SPINSTER is leaving our hands, but before we give it up, we would express the deep gratitude we feel toward those who have lent their genius to the building of this book. For their contributions, and their glad coöperation, we wish to thank Ruth Monroe, Ellen Chiles, Alice Thomas, Mildred Weedon, Lorene Berkey, Norah Anderson, Louise Bailey, Elsie Evans and Miriam Leckie. For their valued criticisms and suggestions, and their stimulating faith in our work we are particularly grateful to our friends, Miss Janet Worsham, Miss Margaret McClintock and Mr. Frederick A. Cummings. To you who will cherish this book we can but say that you have ever been our inspiration, and that we close our work with the same hope with which we began it, that fragmentary and imperfect though it is, you will ever find a treasure house of golden memories in this, the SPINSTER of 1916.

THE EDITORS.



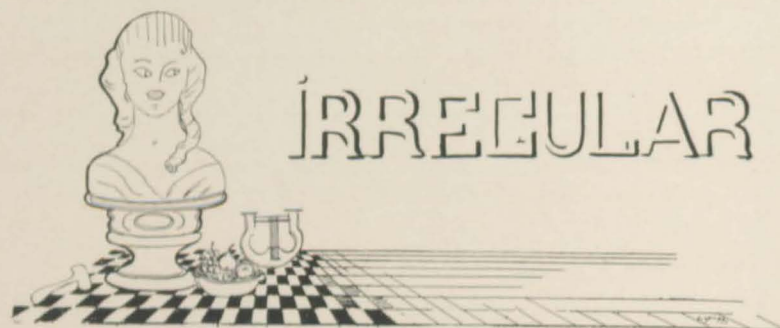
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Φ M Γ; Virginia Club.
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Matty L. Cocke Literary Society; Pennsylvania Club; Yankee Club.
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Texas Club.



THE CLASS OF 1916

AT SUNSET

*With the fall wind whispering through the trees
And dancing with the fluttering leaves,
I slowly climb the wayside hill*

At sunset.

*Along the dim horizon line
Bright opal tints merge into amethyst,
Fold upon fold the vivid colors spill
In nature's vast extravagance, until
God's picture there is perfect*

And divine.

*Far in the west a blaze of living flame
And breathing, seething fire
That seems to scorch the far dim mountain peaks*

At sunset.

*Fading as it spreads to smould'ring banks
Of purple, shot with yellow, blurred with red,
Losing each itself within the other,
The whole a wondrous work of God, who
speaks
Through it to me, blind creature of the earth,*

*Drives from me all life's sordid aims, and seeks
To lead me on to dreams of nobler worth—
To large ambitions, glory, mighty fame.*

Then, lo!

*Slowly the vision fades, the colors pale,
And I, returning from my soul-lonely flight
To earth's grim days of strife and slight
Remember Him who did not dwell cloud high,
But came to live a man, and so to die
Amid humanity's dark griefs and sin;
He did not seek to dwell beyond our ken.
So, pondering well upon this world of ill and
woe,*

*Upon the humble tasks of daily round,
Not from the heights above, but from earth's
ground,—*

*I slowly clamber down the wayside hill;
Where the fall wind whispers through the trees
And dances with the fluttering leaves*

At sunset.

—JENNIE SNEAD.



“THE
MIGHTIEST
THEY AMONG
THE SONS OF MEN”



General Athletic Association



ALICE BURDETT
Chairman



ELLEN LANE WILLIAMS
Coach



ESTHER ROUNTREE
Assistant Chairman



ALLIE FECHTIG
Tennis Manager

Field Day Record, 1916

BASKET-BALL

FRESHMEN vs. Sophomores
32-0

BASEBALL

JUNIORS vs. Seniors
13-1

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

G. RATH—7 feet, 7½ inches

BASKET-BALL THROW

E. ROUNTREE—85 feet

BASEBALL THROW

J. FLIPPO—165 feet

50-YARD DASH

E. CASTLE—7 seconds

HIGH JUMP

E. CASTLE—4 feet, 5 inches

75-YARD DASH

D. SMITH—10 seconds

Basket-Ball

To be sure, all of our sports—hockey, archery, tennis and track—contribute their respective share towards the value of athletics at Hollins; but these latter are merely parts of a great whole, for here basket-ball is its own entirety.



PHILSON—BLUE CHEER LEADER

At the tolling of an imaginary bell October 2d, our season opened with every indication of success. A notice on the bulletin board called for all possible material. The response was, as usual, spontaneous, sixty-five girls reporting to the field for practice. The air was full of basket-ball, each one eager to see what prospects were ahead for us. We still had with us ten members of last year's teams equally divided between red and blue. After the two squads had practiced regularly two hours a day for a month or more, the captains, assisted by the coach, selected line-ups for the match games between the Yemassee and Mohicans. Coaching now commenced in earnest; scientific theories of our coach, plus practical ideas of our captains united into one systematic plan, terminating only at their common goal, the advancement of the nines. Nor should we slight the importance in developing the teams of the enthusiastic support of both the Yemassee and Mohican rooters. These loyal bands under their leaders, Shirey and Philson, cheered untiringly at every game. Their words mingled always into a mere babel of sound, but to each member of the team it delivered a challenge to the best that was in her, demanding that she should do or die. She must win now not only for her team but for the larger group which was putting its faith in her. The scores of the trial games were as follows:

November 2—Reds	6	Blues	14
November 5—Reds	9	Blues	16
November 9—Reds	15	Blues	11
November 12—Reds	8	Blues	2
(half game)			
November 16—Reds	22	Blues	6
(not completed)			
November 19—Reds	15	Blues	6

The time at last came for the Big Thanksgiving Game, which is dear to the hearts of all Hollins girls. Although the practice up to this time had been hard, steady work, it nevertheless taught lessons of courage, perseverance, self-control, fairness, coöperation, and that indefinable but easily recognizable thing—the spirit of good sportsmanship. We were now ready to fight hard for the cup. The bleachers, decorated with signs and emblems of Mohican and Yemassee, were filled with students. Amid the cheers of—

“True Blue, True Blue, Who! Who!
Gravatt, Gravatt, you, you!”

or the familiar tones of—

“Who’s all right? Who’s all right?
Whitner, Whitner, out of sight!”

the teams took their positions on the field. Miss Williams blew her whistle and the Arrow shot after the Turtle. The playing was rapid and vigorous. There was intense excitement from start to finish, and yet, with all the desperate earnestness and determination with which the game was played, there was excellent control and much dexterity shown. Above all there was a splendid temper and true sportsmanlike spirit throughout the game. The score pulled up to 18—9 for the victorious Reds, and that evening both teams sang with equal sincerity:

“Here’s to our Captain, our dear Captain!
Dear Captain—bless her name!
Whether in defeat or victory,
We are loyal just the same.
So we will sing to our dear Captain;
“T is for her we fight for fame!
We’ll shout her praises high in every land,
Captain Whitner! Bless her name!”



SHIREY—RED CHEER LEADER

This spirit makes the object of our games one of good clean sport. To assert that we enter a game with no thought of a possible victory would be folly, but our aim is to succeed because we have benefited from a spirit of coöperation—because we have played the game honestly, and because we have outplayed fairly and openly from every point of view our opponents. This fine spirit which is shown in athletics at Hollins has for many a player built up high ideals of character and developed a healthy enthusiasm which makes her glad to win a game, but most of all, glad to play the game.

Yemassee Team



Whitner, Captain

RACHEL L. BAILEY
 PHELAN RUFFIN
 ELIZABETH TURNBULL
 LILLIAN DAVIS
 LOUISE BAILEY
 WILLIE FLANAGAN

ANNA WHITNER.....Captain

FORWARDS

ESTHER ROUNTREE ETHEL RUSSELL
 ANNA WHITNER RACHEL MILLS, Sub.

GUARDS

KATHARINE JUDKINS ANNE MONTAGUE
 ELSIE EVANS EDITH WILSON, Sub.

CENTERS

GERTRUDE KNAPP EDITH CASTLE
 MILDRED HEARSEY JULIA WRIGHT, Sub.

YEMASSEE PLAYERS

MARIE HICKMAN
 DOROTHY HICKMAN
 HELEN McCOY
 EMILY MORRIS
 MARY N. SMITH
 DOROTHY JONES
 ELLA HAYNESWORTH
 MARGARET WHITE
 SALOME HADAWAY
 JOSEPHINE HANCOX



YEMASSEE TEAM

Mohican Team



GRAVATT, Captain

MARGARET GRAVATT.....Captain

FORWARDS

MARGARET GRAVATT
 LUISE RATH
 PHYLLIS CLARKSON
 JULIA HARPER, Sub.

GUARDS

ALICE BURDETT
 LOUISE HARWELL
 MARY GILES BELLAMY
 DOROTHY SMITH, Sub.

CENTERS

LAUREL CLARKSON
 ANITA RODEMICH
 VIVIAN McCONIHAY
 MABEL WILKIN, Sub.

MOHICAN PLAYERS

SUE BUCKNER	STELLA CAMP	MARY ALICE PARISH
SADIE COOPER	EMMIE GIESECKE	ELSIE PANCOAST
ELIZABETH BEVAN	EMILY BATTLE	ELLEN CHILES
SUNSHINE POPE	KATHARINE JOHNSON	ROSE COX
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PAULINE STAFFORD	ELOISE HENRY	LILLIAN FAIN



MOHICAN TEAM

Field Day, 1915

May 8, 1915, marked the second annual field day held at Hollins. The events were divided into contests between classes and individuals, firing each contestant with enthusiasm and class spirit. Promptly at two the clock-golf finals were played off on the athletic field by Kent and Judkins, won by K. Judkins.



HARWELL—TENNIS CHAMPION, '15

was the clear, alert head work of V. Milton, side center of the team of 1917. After a hard fought game the Sophomores under Captain H. McCoy won the interclass cup by a score of 5—0.

One of the most noticeable events of the day was the running high jump which was closely contested for by E. Chiles and D. Smith, won by the latter, 3 ft. 8 in.

Most prominent, perhaps, among the contests between individuals were the tennis finals between Rountree and Harwell. Swift balls and several spectacular plays kept the interest high.

Harwell won the tournament cup by a score of 6—1, 6—4.

There was great class spirit manifested in the basket-ball game between the Sophomores and Freshmen. Both teams played hard, although seldom according to rule. Many fouls were overlooked in order that the game could go on in hopes that some kind of a pass might succeed. Conspicuous



ONE-HUNDRED-YARD DASH

The next events were run off in the following order:

Standing broad jump—

E. Rountree

Running broad jump—

M. Hyslop (Freshman)

50-yd. dash—A. Montague

100-yd. dash—

V. McConihay

Relay Race—Freshman

3-Legged Race—Juniors

(Howard-Cox)

Potato Race—Specials

Obstacle Race—

Freshman (A. Cole)

Who will ever forget Esther Cox attempting to crawl through the barrel feet first or Sue Buckner remaining inside the barrel for four minutes unable to move!

The Junior-Senior baseball game was so wildly exciting that by the

ninth inning every one—including Mr. Turner, the umpire—had forgotten the score. Although for policy he pronounced it a tie, the Juniors, led by Captain Gravatt, claimed the prize—a bag of peanuts. Noticeable in this game was the home run of Bessie Cocke. Scoring the best hit of the game and spurred on by the cheers



BROAD JUMP

of her sister class, she flew around the bases, and jumping on home plate, was declared the idol of her team.



POTATO RACE

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POTATO RACE



TINKER DAY





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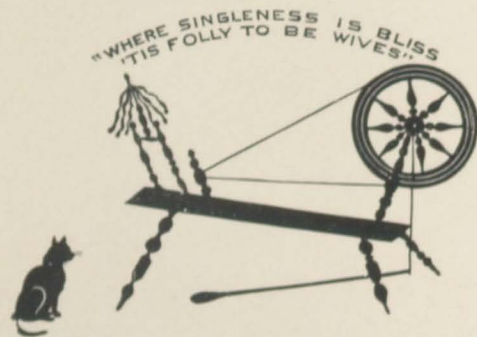
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Eve

MARY was home from college. It is at this point in her career that we would introduce her, not a beautiful heroine of romance, but a college girl who was quite like any of your acquaintance—medium of height, slender, with brown hair and eyes that looked at things squarely, and a firm, straight mouth which her friends knew was always waiting to broaden into a sympathetic smile. However, if you will venture to look with me behind the smile and the eyes, you will find the spirit which singled her out. Here dwelt a keen intelligence and a wide interest in humanity at large which included both the butcher's crippled son, with whom she played checkers, and the Emperor of Japan, whom she knew only through the unsympathetic medium of the press. Besides these attributes, she possessed a will and an enthusiastic impulsiveness which could leave her no passive member of society. Her Senior year she had spent pursuing various phases of sociology, and having adopted its principles with her usual zest she was now prepared to face the world in defense of the rights of every one, but especially of those of woman, for cold facts presented by many scientists had convinced her of the servile part she was playing.

Her mind was filled with such thoughts as she swung lithely down the country road and stopped on the edge of a rock, high above the sea. There she stood, her white skirt snapping in the breeze, her eyes half closed, and the little nose quite puckered up from the sudden glare, while the breeze quickly loosened the carefully arranged curls and set them dancing in a chestnut maze about her face. Here again we must confess her adherence to the type. She was waiting for Sid, but as with hands clasped behind her and head thrown back she gazed out over the ocean which hurled itself at her feet in rills of white foam, and deepened beyond into a blue which only faded when it met the crimson blaze of the low-hanging sun, her thoughts were not of him. Her body thrilled with life as it swayed in the

cool, strong wind, and her spirit responded with a feeling of joy in its freedom and power.

"To look beyond the blazing ramparts of the world," she thought aloud but the sound of approaching footsteps interrupted her.

"Oh, Sid," and the next moment she was in his arms. Tenderly he kissed her lips, her eyes, her hair, as he incoherently murmured dear words of longing and of love. Finally she pulled herself free, laughing and gasping for breath.

"Now, look at what you have done to my hair," she began, as she frantically jabbed hairpins.

"But after five months you'll have to pardon a little roughness. They've been long months too, dear." He slipped his arm about her shoulders and they stood facing the sunset, together.

"Yes, long but so full, for you don't know what they have meant to me—"

The deep voice interrupted her, "Well, they're over now and I'll never spend five such lonely ones again, if I can help it. Letters were a rather long distance form of comfort and even they were scarce."

"I know, dear. I was rather wicked about writing, but my work was so fascinating—"

"Oh, well, now that your school days are past, we'll forget lectures and books as soon as possible, and—"

"Why, Sid, indeed we won't! I've just been wanting to tell you about the wonderful change my studies have made in my thinking this year. It came really very gradually and then it was too big to go in an envelope, so I saved it to tell you, and here with the wide, wide ocean to look on, I feel that I can see things better, the needs of women and the really terrible place they hold in society. Why, this is a man's world and woman just a slave. How few of us realize that we wear high heels and perfectly impractical clothes simply to reflect glory upon the men who are able to support us in luxury and idleness. I've found my life work, Sid, to help waken woman to a realization of her real position and powers, to show her what she is and what she should be."

"But our marriage—" two deep-set gray eyes had been watching Mary closely, and now the powerful voice of Sidney Davis, first lieutenant

of Company G of the eleventh regiment of United States infantry, broke in upon her enthusiastic revelation, cool and under perfect control. The whole attitude of this tall, bronze, khaki-clad soldier was one of tender adoration, yet of respect, for he did not consider lightly the girl he loved.

"Our marriage," she echoed. "Oh, that will make no difference. There is no need these days for a woman to choose between career and home. I shall be an excellent home-maker and a woman of the world as well. You'll be proud of a wife who is a useful member of society in general as well as of her own family, won't you? My heart fairly aches when I think of the thousands and millions of us who even read and think to please their husbands, waste their lives in futility instead of being valuable powers in society."

"And my dear girl, may I ask if you expect to practice this independence?" The deep voice had become somewhat troubled and still lacked the enthusiasm of the one it was answering. "Why, child, you don't realize where you are carrying yourself. You would defy all convention, all the God-made rules which make it a man's joy and duty to protect and shield his wife. And as for living to please your husband—God knows a man needs to have some one to cheer his soul at the end of the day's work. This is feminism with a vengeance and I am thankful, that since you are a woman, it won't last."

"Won't last?" Mary's surprise, dismay and disappointment were all expressed in the two words. "Why, you speak to me as if I were under the spell of your man-made world of thought, as, God pity us! so many of us are. I have a mind and I shall use it, a personality and I shall develop it. Oh, Sid," and now the voice trembled, "I thought you would be proud to have me more than a wife, companion and friend to you. But you're only a man—I might have known. But, Sid, I'll tell you now that I can't give up my own life work for any one, even you, so I think our engagement had better end."

"Mary, has it come to this? Let's not act impulsively. I had come to tell you to-night that I have been ordered to the Monterey camp in California for two months and then to the Philippines for three years, and to ask you to marry me now. Forget the theories, or come with them and I'll let you do anything."

"That's it, Sid; you'll let me do as I please, when what I'm trying to tell you is that I have the right to mould my own life. I thought you would understand and be glad, but now I know I expected too much, and there is no use to go on looking forward to our marriage for it can never be. We won't argue any more for we must part friends, and I wish you every success in the Philippines."

She held out her hand and as the soldier took it, he stiffened his body as if at attention.

"Mary—I can't understand it all, can't believe that I've got to give you up. I'll never give up hope. It seems useless to tell you now but, if you need me, I'll be in Monterey until the twenty-second of August, and after that a cable will reach me in the Philippines."

"Yes, it is useless," and Mary, with head held high, walked away only conscious that the dreams which had become an intimate and almost living thing to her were crushed. The tears gathering in her eyes rolled unheeded down her cheeks as she thought of the happiness which now could never be. Desperately she clenched her hands and clung to the determination to give herself to the work she had chosen, yet all joy and enthusiasm in it had given way to a deadening sense of hopelessness and bitter disappointment.

The dinner hour was a miserable one and as soon as it was over she hurried to her room, locked her door, dropped in a chair, and with her head upon her desk sobbed unrestrainedly. When the storm was over she tried to think more clearly. With all the strength of her will she tried to put Sid from her mind and to think only of her work. Her forehead wrinkled, and her hair pushed into the far background, she mechanically turned an envelope over and over as she forced several plans through her mind.

"Miss Mary Graeme, Miss Mary Graeme," she read unconsciously. "After five days please return to the Association for the Enlightenment of Women, 30 East Twenty-ninth Street, New York City; Association for the Enlightenment of Women," the words finally forced their way into her consciousness, and opening the letter, she read it quickly.

"Secretary for the new Association—small salary but good prospects—if you are interested in the work—must have your decision immediately," she murmured aloud. "Why, it's a wonderful opportunity, and

a God-send. I'll accept immediately, and then when I am occupied with those who really suffer perhaps I can forget myself—and Sid."

The letter was speedily written and its author soon asleep, dreaming of enlightening the soldiers in the Philippines.

Mary attacked her work enthusiastically, zealously, and the success of the new secretary of the youthful Association for the Enlightenment of Women was immediately assured. Even the press paid tribute to her as "The modern gad-fly who possesses to a marked degree the ability to disturb domestic felicity." Indefatigably she labored on through the hot summer, steeping herself in the theories she avowed, daily strengthening her conviction in the creed she so vehemently flung to the world: "Woman is a slave in this man-made world of thought."

Her fame and work constantly spread, until one afternoon in the middle of August she made a startlingly powerful appeal for economic independence of the married woman. After it a radiant, expensively gowned girl of her own age had whispered to her ecstatically, "Oh, you've made everything so plain and clear, and I for one won't be a slave. You see I've taken off my ring already," and a diamond flashed as she slipped it in her bag.

"Miss Graeme, I must add my congratulations. My dear child, your address was most convincing. Every woman here was moved, and now by following this up with our literature we will be able to guide their attitude until the men of the city realize that they no longer command the situation. I want to ask you now to write a pamphlet for me, but we can discuss that later." The busy, influential woman passed on, and as soon as the crowd had thinned a little Mary hurried out. It was late in the afternoon, and she turned her steps toward the river. As she walked along its banks her heart was singing over the triumph she knew she had achieved. Walking alone she began to note the people whom she passed. A little girl indelibly stamped stenographer walked briskly by on the arm of one who was, she decided, the office billing clerk. A sailor lad fairly beamed as he sauntered by, conscious of the adoration of the bestarched and beribboned damsel at his side. On a bench sat a gray-haired couple, silent, yet to all appearance, content. In spite of her conscious superiority, Mary suddenly felt a great wave of loneliness sweep over her. Then up the

walk in long rapid strides came another solitary figure, a man in the khaki uniform of a soldier. For a moment it seemed her heart stopped beating, and she could not breathe; then as the stranger passed by, she clutched the rail and clung to it. The afternoon's triumph, the distant roar of the city, the hurried feet of passersby, all were gone. Even had she lost her ever-present consciousness of herself and her career. She heard but the lapping of the waves at her feet, saw but the sinking sun, and standing somewhere between her and it, a tall figure clad in the khaki of a uniform and looking down at her with tender yet gently smiling eyes. Mary gave herself a mental shake. "Just because I saw a soldier! I had no idea I was so weak." She had dispelled the phantom and in its place stood out a huge sign board on the opposite shore. It told the world that "gala week" would begin on August twenty-second. "August twenty-second!"

"If you need me, I'll be in Monterey until the twenty-second of August, and after that—after that—" She could get no further and the words fairly sang through her brain. She was still standing silent, as the dusk deepened and a couple took their places at her side, unconscious of her presence. Their words reached her:

"Say, Mill, I've got a surprise for you to-night. The boss has raised me to eighteen a week now. Seems like things are coming our way don't it, for twenty-two will soon be coming. I'm going to work nights too for a while and pull in some extra money. How about it, little girl?"

Ecstatic murmurs of "O Joe!" and "It's just too grand!" had interspersed the recountal, but now for a moment there was silence. Finally the answer came timidly, "Joe, don't you think we could live on eighteen a week in a Harlem flat? I went through the cutest one to-day. I just couldn't help it, and—" Any further remarks were smothered by means which you may, unaided, imagine.

Down the street Mary hurried to a telegraph office, where she filled in a number of blanks and dispatched them. Arriving at her boarding house a little later she fairly danced about the room as she packed her trunk. Finally with a doubtful sigh she picked up the telephone receiver. The conversation was a long one and Mary's eyes sparkled as she answered the puzzled almost indignant questions.

"But, Miss Graeme, I don't understand," the perplexed voice maintained to the end.

"Well, I'm beginning to, and even if I didn't, I'd know I was right for I just can't help myself—good-bye." She hung up the receiver and put out the light.

We will attempt to follow only one of the dispatches as it sang its way across the continent while she slept.

In a tent at the camp at Monterey Sidney Davis was writing industriously. Camp was to break next day and there were many reports to be made out and letters to be written in the next week before he sailed. Finally, however, he threw down his pen and strode out in the night.

"There's no use! I'll have to admit it! She was right and I was wrong. Oh, God, if I could only see her! But it's too late now and she would never understand or give up her work. Every speech she has made and every word she has written shows her devotion to—"

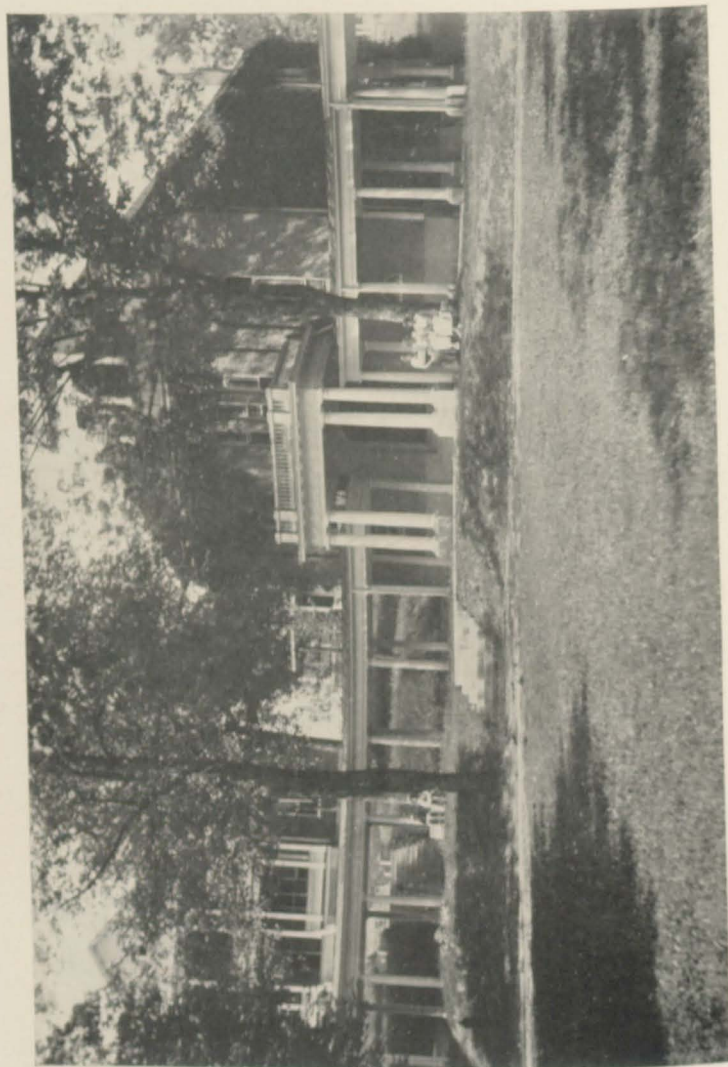
"Lieutenant Davis," the orderly touched his cap, handed his superior a yellow envelope and walked away.

"More orders," was the only comment which the lieutenant made as he hurried to his tent, dropped into his chair and read the message. No one knows how many times he repeated the process, but finally, with the tenderness deep in his eyes, he, too, began to write dispatches.

The one which found its way to headquarters in San Francisco read: "My wife sails with me on the twenty-second."

The one which he finally slipped within his coat was longer. It read: "I will go with you to the end of the world. Will you take me to the Philippines?—MARY."

ALMA NIX.





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Organized 1898 Chartered 1900

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ZETA.....	New York, New York
IOTA.....	Boston, Massachusetts
KAPPA.....	Cleveland, Tennessee
PI.....	Richmond, Virginia
RHO.....	Middlebury, Vermont

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PHI MU GAMMA



Kappa Delta

Organized 1895

Chartered 1902

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MU.....	Jackson, Mississippi
OMICRON.....	Bloomington, Illinois
CHI.....	Denver, Colorado
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KAPPA ALPHA.....	Tallahassee, Florida
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Phi Mu

Organized 1852

Chartered 1903

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Miss WILLIAMSON





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Founded December 12, 1888, Missouri University

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ETA.....	Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri
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NELL CHOATE.....	Georgia	RACHEL MILLS.....	Ohio
SARAH FARMER.....	Georgia	PATTY MOSBY.....	Tennessee
LUCILLE GINN.....	Kentucky	LESLIE PATTERSON.....	Virginia
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Miss CORA BAIN



BETA SIGMA OMICRON

ΛΓ

Lambda Gamma

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EDITH CASTLE	New Jersey
MARTHA CHALENOR	Virginia
EVELYN FISHBURN	Virginia
SALOME HADAWAY	New York
EDNA HURM	Ohio
ELIZABETH JOHNSON	Ohio
KATHARINE JUDKINS	New York
CAROLINE MILLIKIN	Ohio
VIRGINIA MILTON	North Carolina
BESSIE MONROE	Virginia
RUTH MONROE	Virginia
ANNE MONTAGUE	South Carolina
PHELAN RUFFIN	Virginia
JENNIE SNEAD	Virginia
MAY STEINER	Alabama
ELIZABETH TURNBULL	New York



LAMBDA GAMMA



Delta Delta Delta

Founded Thanksgiving Eve, 1888

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SUE BUCKNER	Kentucky
ESTHER COX	Virginia
MARGARET GRAVATT	Virginia
ELIZABETH HALSELL	Texas
MILDRED HEARSEY	New Jersey
HELEN McCOY	West Virginia
EMILY MORRIS	Virginia
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Miss WHITTLE, Δ Δ Δ

Dr. KUSIAN



DELTA DELTA DELTA



The Princess and the Musician

ONCE in a far-away land that seemed to be in the midst of the world, and yet apart, in a land of flowers and sunshine, of sea and sky, there was a castle; and in the castle there were people—real people and dream people. Some of the dream people were fancies, some shadows, some the last mystic notes of a song or a flute.

But the most beautiful person was the Princess, who, though real, had so many fleeting rainbow dreams that it seemed she must almost be a beautiful dream herself. Now a lord loved the Princess, and the Princess, because she had never learned to really love any one, fancied she loved the lord. And these two were to be wed. No one could ever tell quite how the Princess looked, because she was like another fleeting dream. They only knew, and that they never forgot, that her eyes were like violets, and her throat and arms were round and gleaming white.

Then one day there came to the castle a man. To the court he was a musician, but to the Princess he was different from any one she had ever known. He was tall and brown and strong, and the light in his face and the music in his flute were equally sweet and mystic. All the fragrance and sound and color of nature were in his magic flute, and came forth as music—now flitting, now dancing, now pensive, now sad; but always breathing hauntingly one faint, weird strain. Sometimes this elusive, half-heard strain seemed like a heart-ache, sometimes a smile; sometimes those who heard it fancied that it spoke resignation, again that it cried out a protest, a yearning after the unattainable, a wail, a cry for the thing most desired in all the world. But only the Princess, and

one of her favorite dream people, a little shadow that remained always in her footsteps, knew what the weird strain meant.

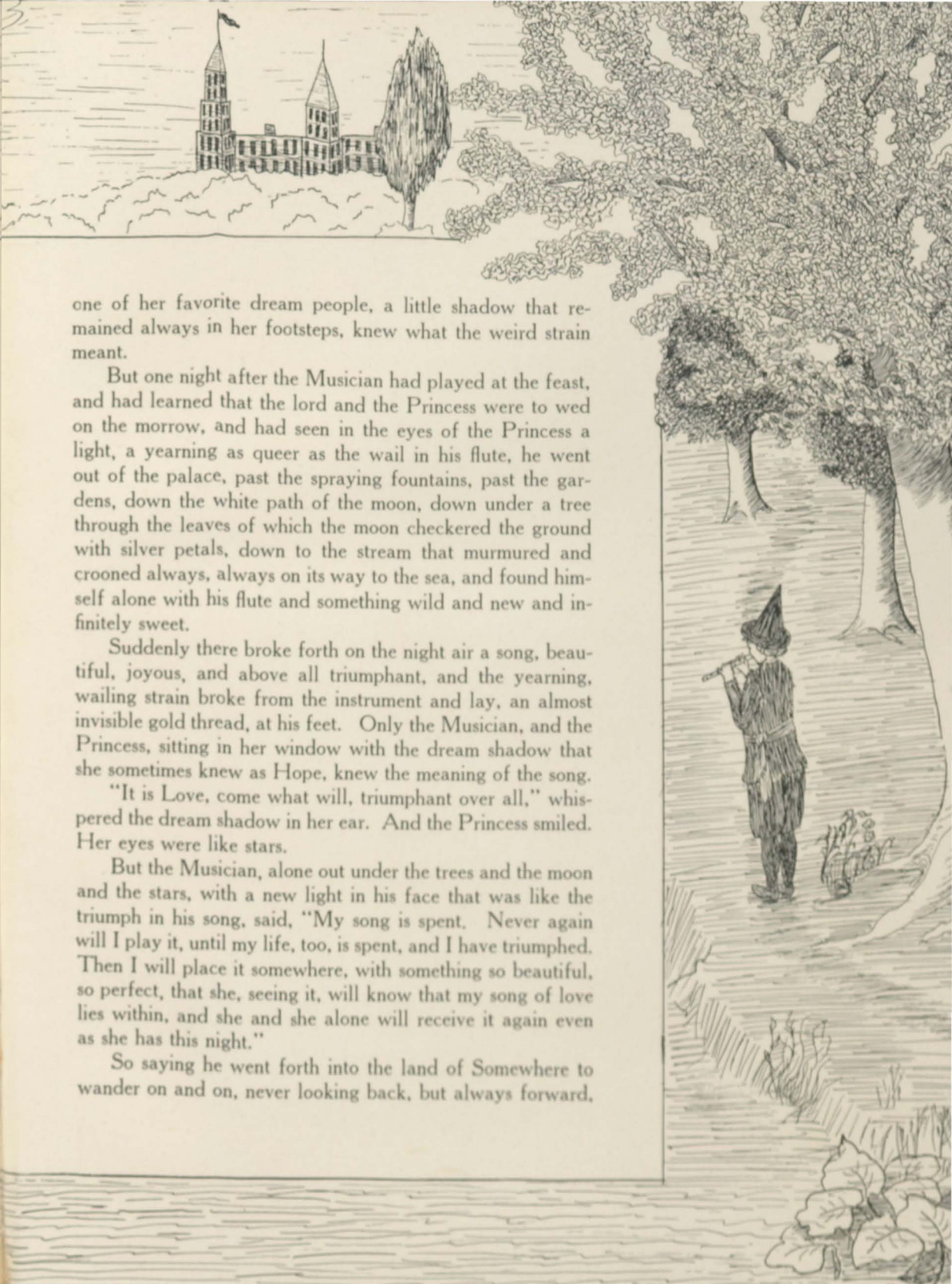
But one night after the Musician had played at the feast, and had learned that the lord and the Princess were to wed on the morrow, and had seen in the eyes of the Princess a light, a yearning as queer as the wail in his flute, he went out of the palace, past the spraying fountains, past the gardens, down the white path of the moon, down under a tree through the leaves of which the moon checkered the ground with silver petals, down to the stream that murmured and crooned always, always on its way to the sea, and found himself alone with his flute and something wild and new and infinitely sweet.

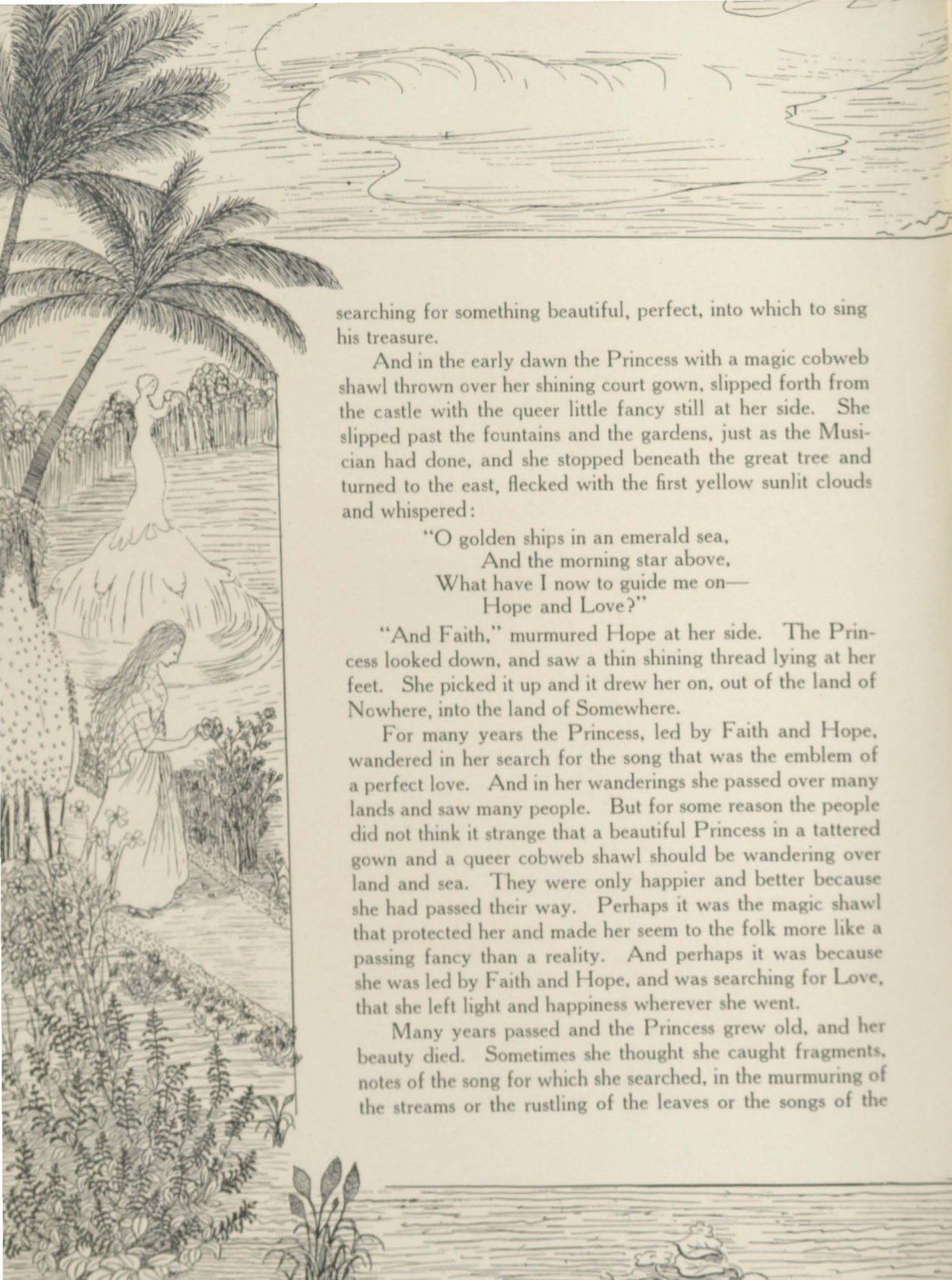
Suddenly there broke forth on the night air a song, beautiful, joyous, and above all triumphant, and the yearning, wailing strain broke from the instrument and lay, an almost invisible gold thread, at his feet. Only the Musician, and the Princess, sitting in her window with the dream shadow that she sometimes knew as Hope, knew the meaning of the song.

"It is Love, come what will, triumphant over all," whispered the dream shadow in her ear. And the Princess smiled. Her eyes were like stars.

But the Musician, alone out under the trees and the moon and the stars, with a new light in his face that was like the triumph in his song, said, "My song is spent. Never again will I play it, until my life, too, is spent, and I have triumphed. Then I will place it somewhere, with something so beautiful, so perfect, that she, seeing it, will know that my song of love lies within, and she and she alone will receive it again even as she has this night."

So saying he went forth into the land of Somewhere to wander on and on, never looking back, but always forward,





searching for something beautiful, perfect, into which to sing his treasure.

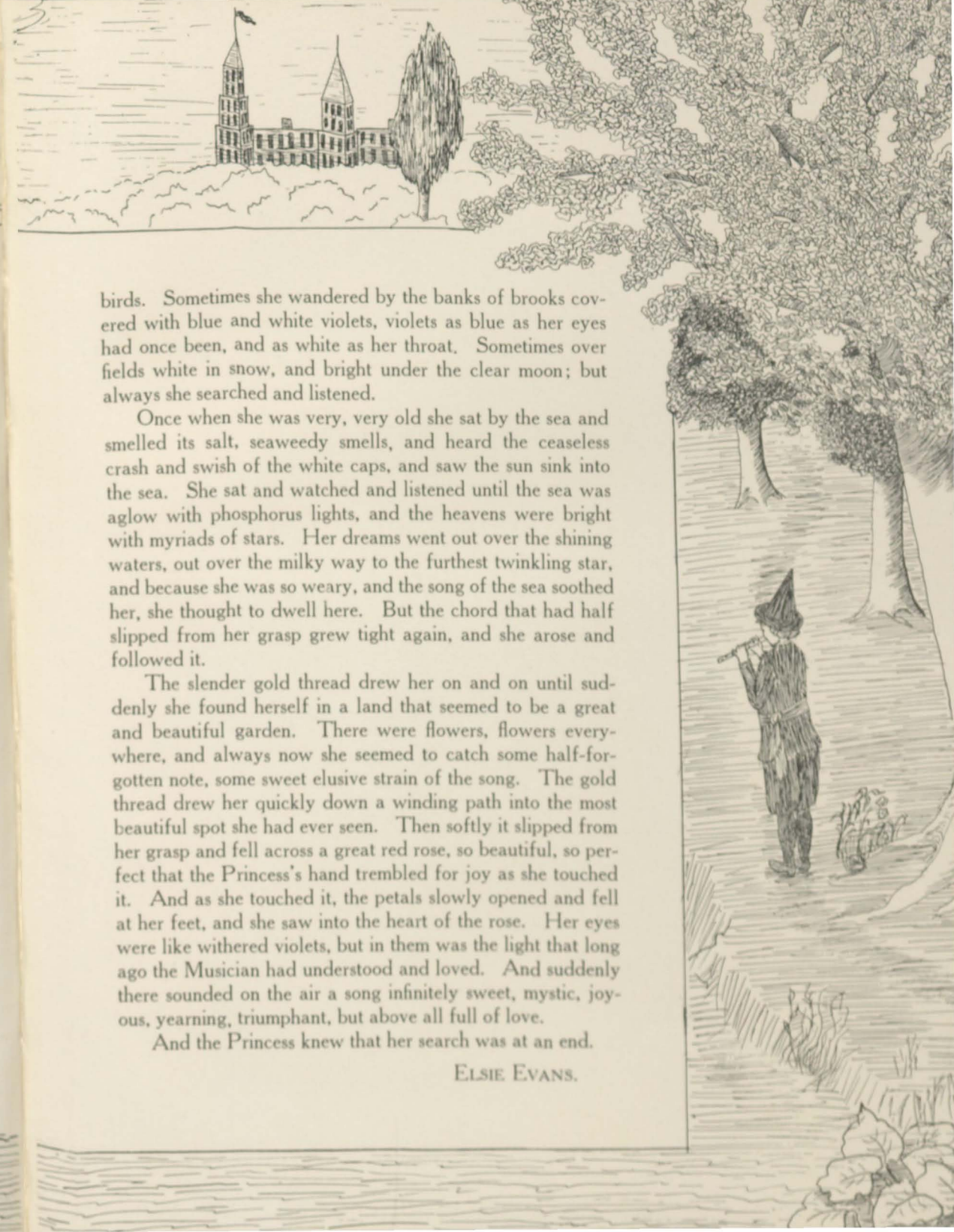
And in the early dawn the Princess with a magic cobweb shawl thrown over her shining court gown, slipped forth from the castle with the queer little fancy still at her side. She slipped past the fountains and the gardens, just as the Musician had done, and she stopped beneath the great tree and turned to the east, flecked with the first yellow sunlit clouds and whispered:

"O golden ships in an emerald sea,
And the morning star above,
What have I now to guide me on—
Hope and Love?"

"And Faith," murmured Hope at her side. The Princess looked down, and saw a thin shining thread lying at her feet. She picked it up and it drew her on, out of the land of Nowhere, into the land of Somewhere.

For many years the Princess, led by Faith and Hope, wandered in her search for the song that was the emblem of a perfect love. And in her wanderings she passed over many lands and saw many people. But for some reason the people did not think it strange that a beautiful Princess in a tattered gown and a queer cobweb shawl should be wandering over land and sea. They were only happier and better because she had passed their way. Perhaps it was the magic shawl that protected her and made her seem to the folk more like a passing fancy than a reality. And perhaps it was because she was led by Faith and Hope, and was searching for Love, that she left light and happiness wherever she went.

Many years passed and the Princess grew old, and her beauty died. Sometimes she thought she caught fragments, notes of the song for which she searched, in the murmuring of the streams or the rustling of the leaves or the songs of the



birds. Sometimes she wandered by the banks of brooks covered with blue and white violets, violets as blue as her eyes had once been, and as white as her throat. Sometimes over fields white in snow, and bright under the clear moon; but always she searched and listened.

Once when she was very, very old she sat by the sea and smelled its salt, seaweedy smells, and heard the ceaseless crash and swish of the white caps, and saw the sun sink into the sea. She sat and watched and listened until the sea was aglow with phosphorus lights, and the heavens were bright with myriads of stars. Her dreams went out over the shining waters, out over the milky way to the furthest twinkling star, and because she was so weary, and the song of the sea soothed her, she thought to dwell here. But the chord that had half slipped from her grasp grew tight again, and she arose and followed it.

The slender gold thread drew her on and on until suddenly she found herself in a land that seemed to be a great and beautiful garden. There were flowers, flowers everywhere, and always now she seemed to catch some half-forgotten note, some sweet elusive strain of the song. The gold thread drew her quickly down a winding path into the most beautiful spot she had ever seen. Then softly it slipped from her grasp and fell across a great red rose, so beautiful, so perfect that the Princess's hand trembled for joy as she touched it. And as she touched it, the petals slowly opened and fell at her feet, and she saw into the heart of the rose. Her eyes were like withered violets, but in them was the light that long ago the Musician had understood and loved. And suddenly there sounded on the air a song infinitely sweet, mystic, joyous, yearning, triumphant, but above all full of love.

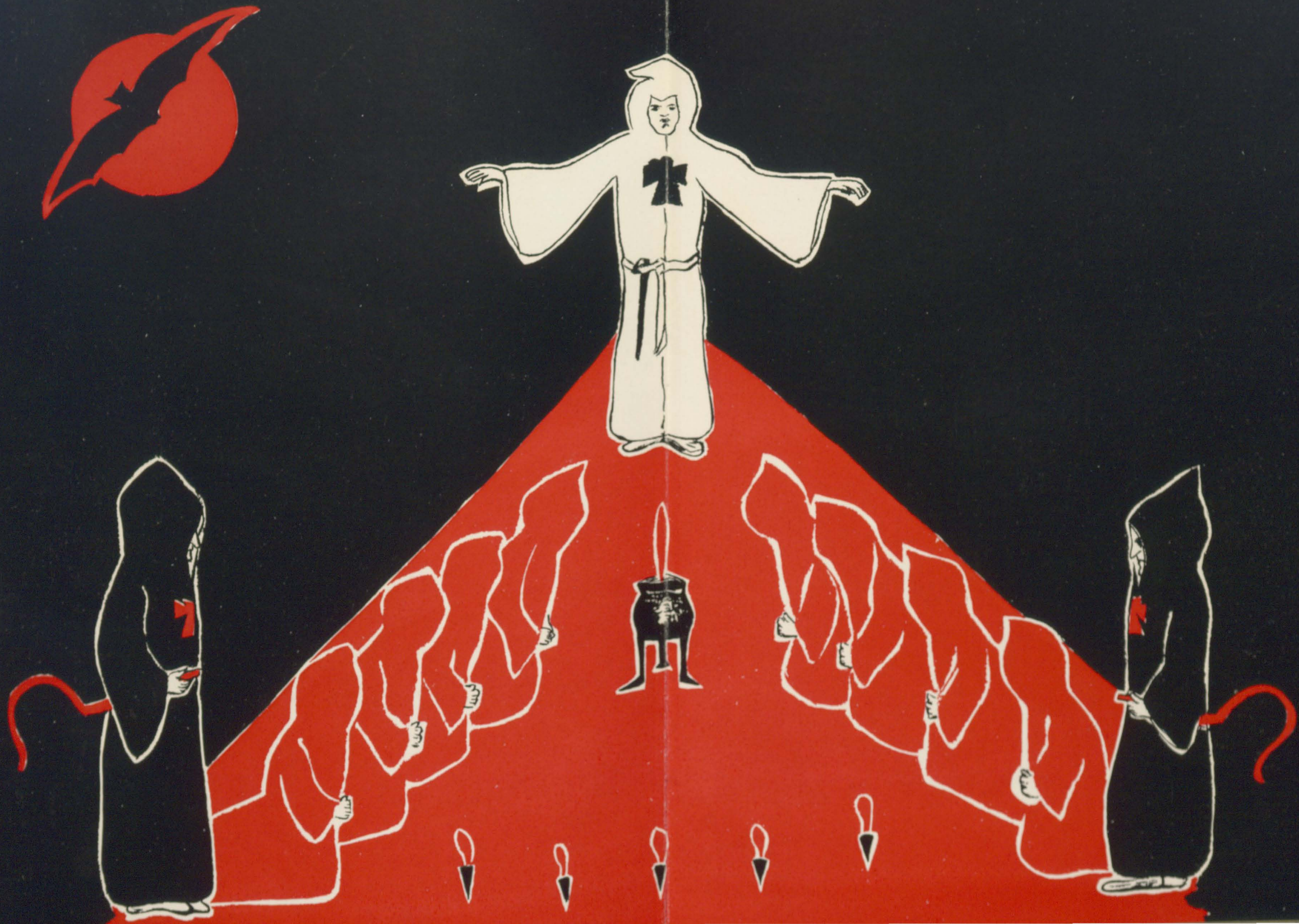
And the Princess knew that her search was at an end.

ELSIE EVANS.

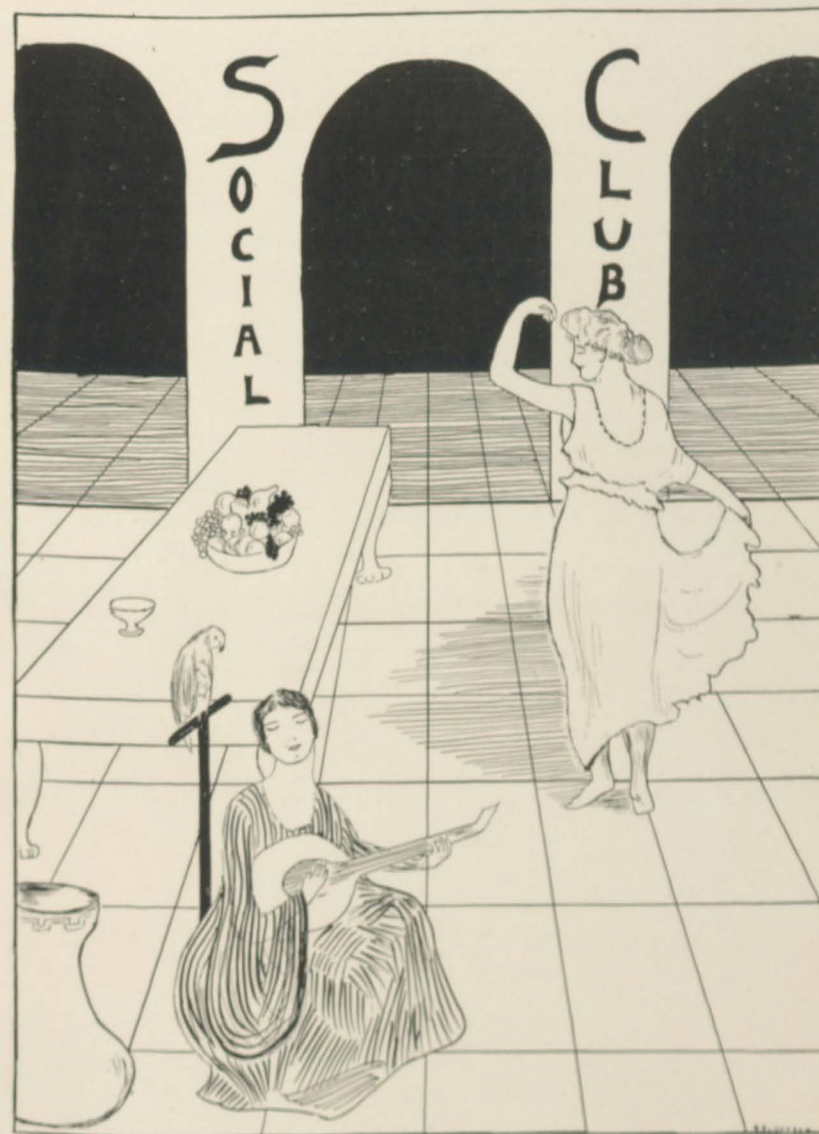


BESSIE MONROE
Queen of the May









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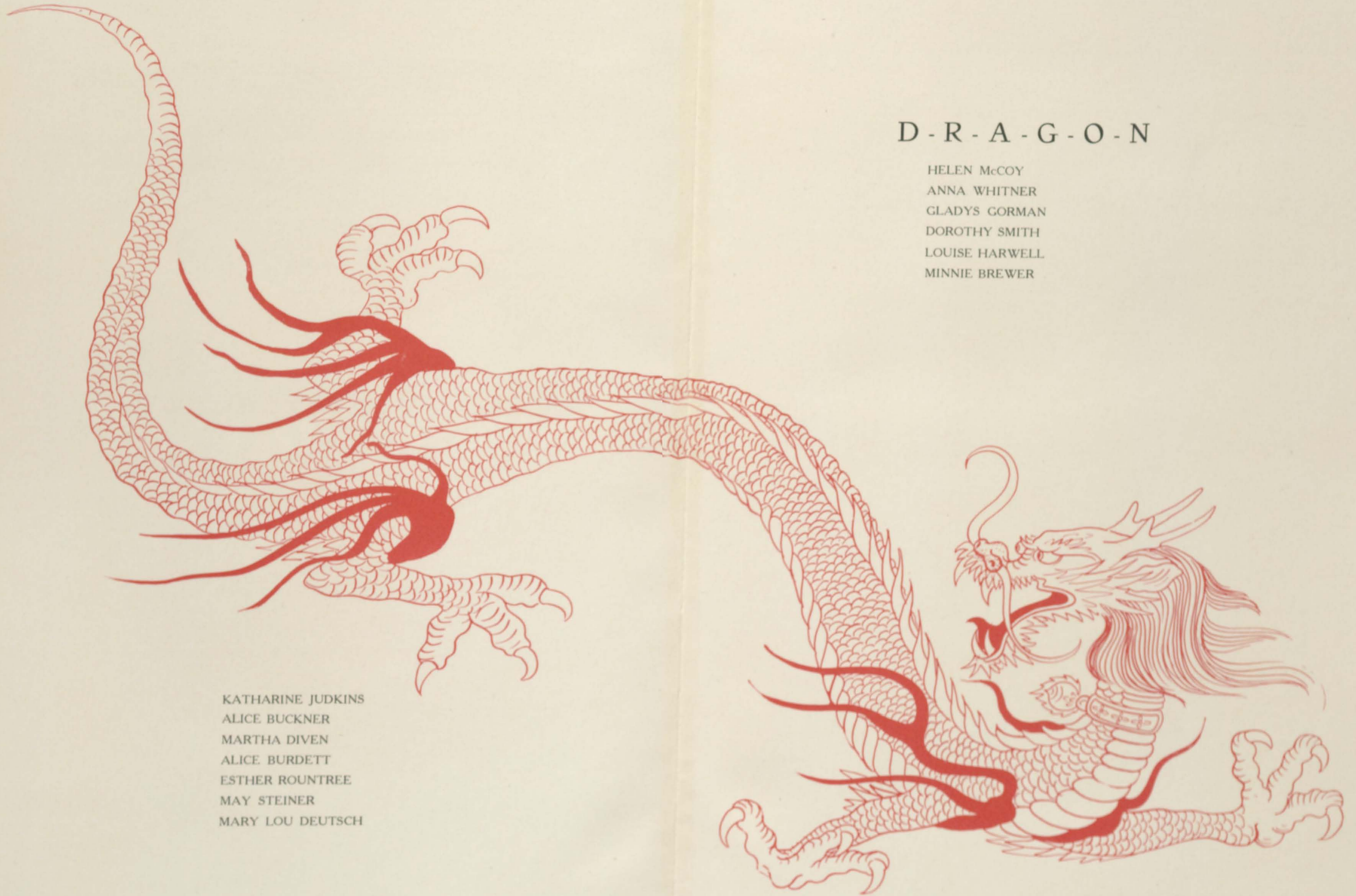
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MASKERS



XIX

THE SPINSTER

1935

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MILDRED MOORE		
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RACHEL BAILEY		



JOKERS



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COUNT BIBB

LADY BREWER

GRAND DUTCHESS BUS
COUNTESS ROUNTREE

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ADA TINSLEY
ADA WHITNER

ADA BURDETT
ADA HARWELL
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ADA COX
ADA HALSELL
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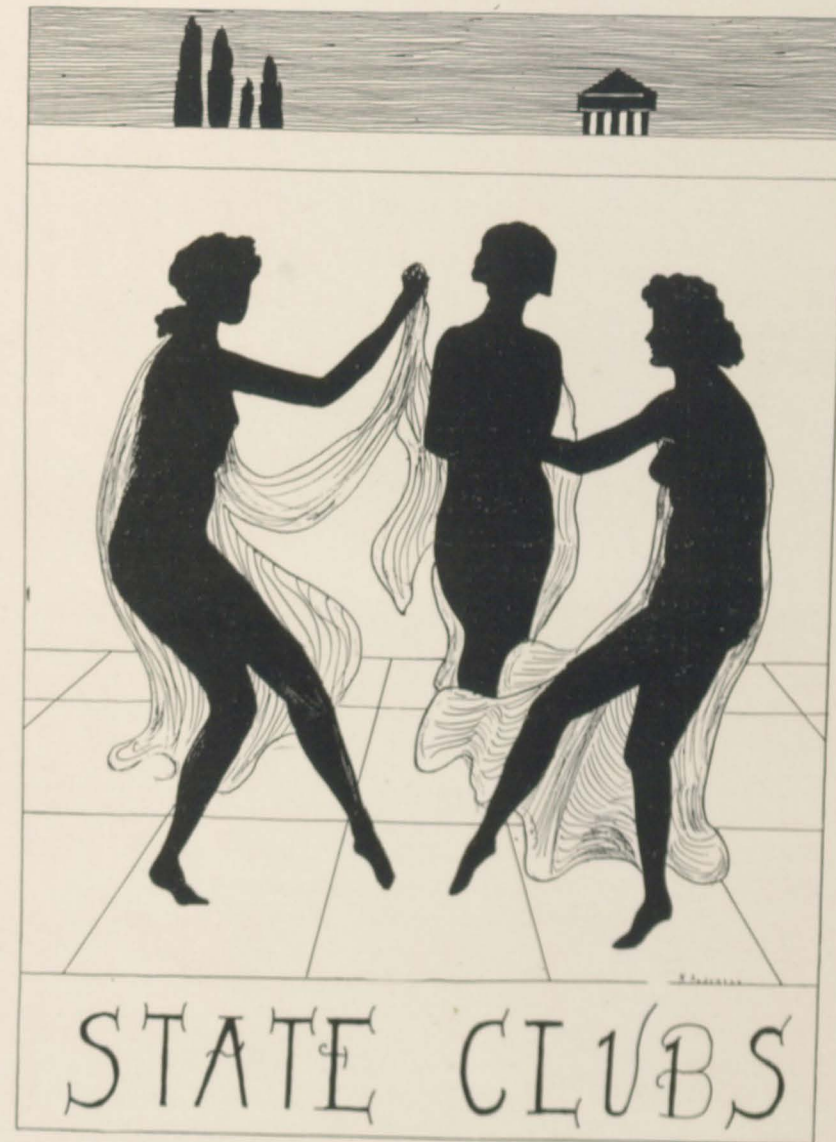
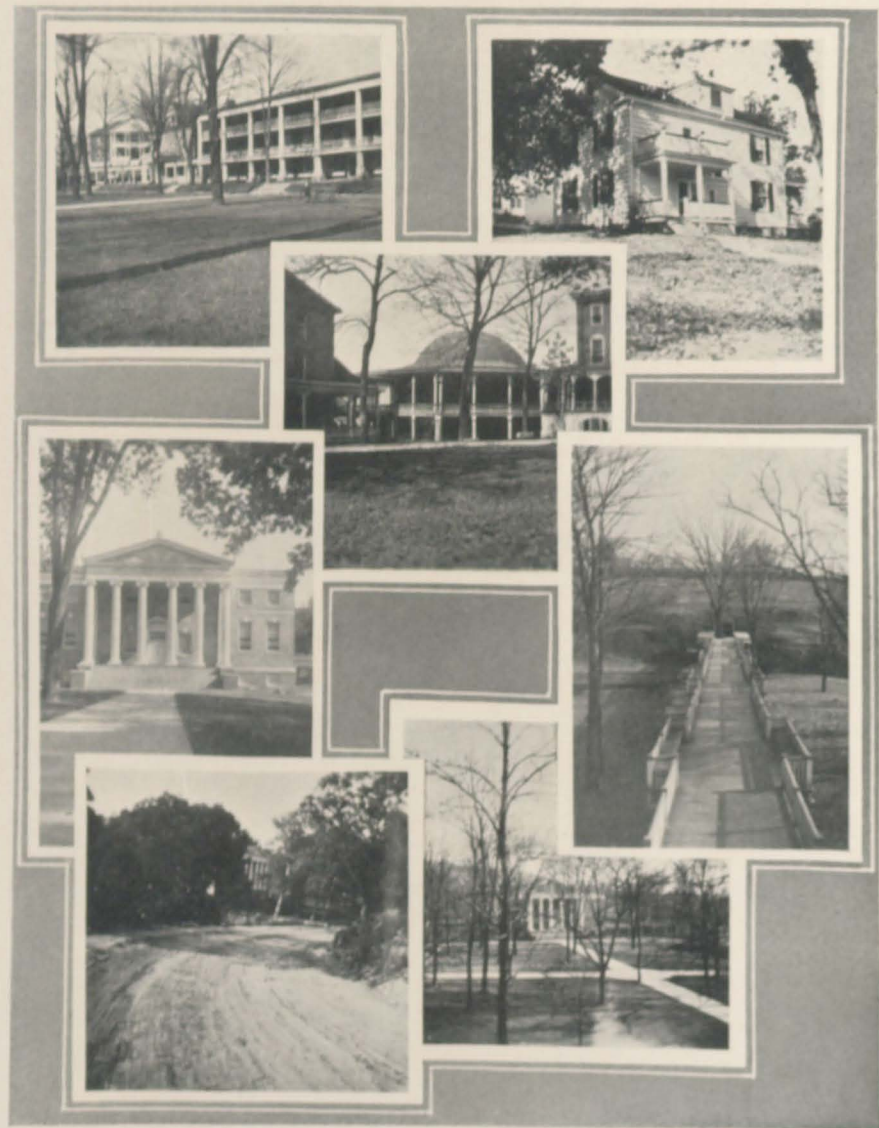
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MARTHA DIVEN

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ABIGAIL FORD	LORA MANSFIELD	ALICE THOMAS
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FLORENCE GRAVES		BUENA VISTA WELTON



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MISS WILSON

VOTES



BALLOT







B. MONROE
As the Prince Chap

THE SPINSTER STAFF

PRESENTS

"THE PRINCE CHAP"

HOLLINS THEATER

November 13th, 1915

✦ ✦

CAST

WILLIAM PEYTON.....*B. Monroe*
An American Sculptor
JACK RODNEY, the Earl of Huntington.....*M. Diven*
An Amateur Painter
MARCUS RUNION.....*A. Fechtig*
An English Serving Man
BALLINGTON.....*Sue Buckner*

YADDER.....*R. Jones*
FRITZ.....*E. Shirey*
Artists in Studio Building
CLAUDIA.....*Alma Nix*
PHOEBE RUCKERS.....*Nell Choate*
A Maid of All Work in the Studio Building
ALICE TRAVERS.....*C. Philson*
An American Girl of Twenty Years

PLACE—London

TIME—Present

ACT I An Apartment in Studio Building of William Peyton
ACT II The Same, One Year Later
ACT III The Same, Ten Years Later

Management—MISS CHARLOTTE PHILIP



ALMA NIX
As Claudia

THE CLASS OF 1916

PRESENTS

"The Man From Home"

A Drama in Four Acts by

Booth Tarlington and Harry Leon Wilson

HOLLINS THEATER

December 13th, 1915

✦ ✦

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DANIEL VOORHEES PIKE.....*M. Howard*
THE GRAND DUKE VASILI VASILIVITCH.....*E. Cox*
THE EARL OF HAWCASTLE.....*B. Monroe*
THE HON. ALMERIC ST. AUBYN.....*A. Nix*
IVANOFF.....*C. Alderson*
HORACE GRANGER-SIMPSON.....*M. Gravatt*
RABIERE.....*A. Campbell*
MARIANO.....*N. Anderson*
MICHELE.....*M. B. Culross*
CARABINIERE.....*A. Buckner*
ETHEL GRANGER-SIMPSON.....*Anna Whitner*
COMTESSE DE CHAMPIGNY.....*Catherine Philson*
LADY CREECH.....*Gladys Gorman*

TIME—The Present

PLACE—Sorrento, Southern Italy

Presented without change of scene

Management—MISS CHARLOTTE A. PHILIP



M. HOWARD
As the Man from Home



ANNA WHITNER
As Ethel Granger-Simpson



M. HOWARD
As John Smith

THE MAGAZINE STAFF

PRESENTS

"Why Smith Left Home"

HOLLINS THEATER

March 4th, 1916

+ +

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN SMITH.....*M. Howard*
Who Loves His Wife
GEN. BILLETDOUX.....*A. Hanson*
His Wife's Second Husband
COUNT VON GUGGENHEIM.....*L. Patterson*
Who Made Them Twisted
MAJOR DUNCOMBE.....*E. Cox*
With Memories of Last Night
ROBERT WALTON.....*E. Turnbull*
Mrs. Smith's Brother

MRS. JOHN SMITH.....*Louise McLaughlin*
Who Loves Her Husband
MISS SMITH.....*Anna Campbell*
A Lady in Waiting
MRS. BILLETDOUX.....*Elizabeth Pruitt*
Mrs. Smith's Aunt
ROSE WALTON.....*Phelan Ruffin*
Robert's Bride of a Day
JULIA.....*Edna Hurm*
Touchingly Clever
ELSIE.....*Edith Wilson*
A Maid
LAVINIA DALY.....*Ruth Monroe*
Who Is a Lady and Knows It

PLACE—Home of John Smith in New York

TIME—Present

ACT I Morning
ACT II Afternoon
ACT III Evening

Management—MISS CHARLOTTE PHILIP



LOUISE McLAUGHLIN
As Mrs. John Smith



MARGARET WEST
As Esmeralda

The Euepian Stock Company

PRESENTS

"ESMERALDA"

HOLLINS THEATER

March 18th, 1916

+ +

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MR. ELBERT ROGERS.....*A. Burdette*
A North Carolina Farmer
MRS. LYDIA ANN ROGERS.....*Eleanor Curtain*
His Wife
MISS ESMERALDA ROGERS.....*Margaret West*
His Daughter
DAVE HARDY.....*A. Whitner*
A Young North Carolinian

MR. ESTABROOK.....*M. Hearsey*
A Man of Leisure
MR. JACK DESMOND.....*D. Jones*
An American Artist in Paris
MISS NORA DESMOND.....*Anne Willingham*
His Sister
MISS KATE DESMOND.....*Virginia Milton*
His Sister
"MARQUIS" DE MONTESSIN.....*H. McCoy*
A French Adventurer
GEORGE DREW.....*C. Millikin*
An American Speculator
SOPHIE.....*Emily Battle*
A Maid

TIME—Present

ACT I Scene in Rogers's Kitchen
ACT II Studio of Jack Desmond—One Year Later
ACT III Room in Rogers's Home—Paris
ACT IV Same as Act II

Management—MISS PHILIP



ELEANOR CURTAIN
As Mrs. Lydia Ann Rogers



C. JUDKINS
As Wolff Kingsearl

The Euzelian Stock Company

PRESENTS

"MISS HOBBS"

BY

JEROME K. JEROME

HOLLINS THEATER

April 8th, 1916

✦ ✦

WOLFF KINGSEARLC. Judkins

PERCIVAL KINGSEARLS. Buckner

GEORGE JESSOPH. SMITH

CAPTAIN SANDSF. Alderson

CHARLESJ. Greenland

MRS. KINGSEARLCornelia Alderson

MISS SUSAN ABBEY.....Jennie Snead

MILLCENT FAREYLuise Rath

JANEMary Cobb

MISS HOBBSElizabeth Tinsley

ACT I The Drawing Room at the Kingsearl's House at New Haven
(New York)

ACT II Drawing Room at Mill House

ACT III Cabin of the Yacht "Good Chance"

ACT IV Same as Act I



ELIZABETH TINSLEY
As Miss Hobbs



THE MELTING POT

Have You Been to Hollins?

Oh, have you been to Hollins,
And stayed there through a week
And seen those celebrations
About which one cannot speak?

Each day to one is sacred
And each must keep her date,
For if you don't remember
"Twenty-five" will be your fate.

The "Mummies" walk on Sunday
In a gay and laughing line,
And every one else whispers
"Oh, aren't those girls just fine!"

Now, Monday is a busy day
With sights so very rare.
First the "Sphinx" parade with pride,
Then "Cotillion" members fair.

On Wednesday, that famous day
When monsters do appear,
Come forth the maidens, oh, so fair!
With their "Dragon" skins so dear.

With Friday come the brave Thirteen
In all their black and gray,
They walk in one long snaky line,
Thus keep the sacred day.

And thus we live each busy week;
So, new girls, care, please take,
Think twice or thrice before you speak,
Oh, do not make a break!

—E. T.



THE ONLY TWO WARRING FACTIONS, WHO
HAVE ADOPTED BRYAN'S PEACE POLICY.

Beatrice Fairfax's Letters

Dear Miss Fairfax,

I am a young girl of athletic tendencies. For many months I have been keeping company with a certain young man—I am in love with him—he does not guess it—must I tell him? What shall I do when he tries to hold my hand?

ESTHER ROUNTREE.

Do not permit any man to hold your hand, or guess your secret until he has declared himself a candidate for your affections.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax,

Not long ago I came from Roanoke one night with a young man. I didn't notice that the moon was shining until I stepped out of the taxi at Hollins. What shall I do? Will he think me over-bold?

OPHELIA.

Never, my young friend, allow any man to so absorb your attention that you do not observe the beauties of nature around you. I would advise you to over-look the matter this time, but not the moon in the future.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax,

I have a terrible ear-ache—What would you advise?

SNEADIE.

Are you sure you have your ache localized? Could it be your heart? Frankly I think it would be *Wysor* to see the doctor.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax,

I want a new Horse-tail. Where shall I get him?

PRISSY.

I am told that they are plentiful out West. In Oregon where the Horse-Tail Falls.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax,

In my various dramatic successes I find great need of *Pants* and *Damns*. How shall they be acquired?

HOLLINS HERO.

Dear Miss Fairfax,

Just how soon is it wise to leave off our gloves, take our pillows and novels down by the babbling brook? Answer as soon as possible.

FANNY AND JENNY.

Dear Miss Fairfax,

Next week some young gentlemen from the University of North Carolina are coming up. I would like for 'em to see the Library. In order to maintain my good reputation, how shall I go about it?

ANXIOUS.

Be very cautious. This undertaking requires a great deal of discretion. Apply to Miss Parkinson—she will provide a chaperon—Miss Singleton preferably, for the dangerous expedition. Be sure to converse as loudly as possible in the Library, so that nothing clandestine will be suspected.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax,

I am a new girl, young and ambitious. How may I become prominent in social circles?

PUZZLED.

Follow my instructions carefully. Procure a Spinster and a Sorority hand-book, and study them assiduously. After you decide which Sorority you will take, proceed sweetly to string 'em all. This will insure your entrance to all elect circles.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax,

Will you please formulate some regulations which will insure my entrance to the desired circles mentioned in one of your letters?

NEW GIRL.

(Continued on Page 8)

Salubrities



"The Law'll get yer if yer don't watch 'er!"



Pell Mell Tell



Fix it!



Bus - "The College Kiddies"



Sam Sam Sam -



BEATRICE FAIRFAX'S LETTERS

Gush and goo and you'll be a Phi Mu.
 Dress to beat the band and don't care a fig
 and you will make a fine Beta Sig.
 If you acquire gobs of conceit then as a Lambda Gamma you can't be beat.
 For mixture and Universality be a sponge
 and take Tri-D.
 If you play up to Miss Sing you'll have Kappa Delta on the string.
 If you would be a Phi Mu Gam beware of mistaking for the Wright a sham.

Dear Miss Fairfax,

In April the University Glee Club is coming here for concert. We desire greatly to entertain them in some befitting manner. What would you suggest, a reception or hop?

STUDENT COUNCIL.

Your intentions are quite good. It behooves you to show great appreciation of their talents. First have the Meyer Davis Orchestra from Washington, Caterer from Del Monico's. Use Virginia colors, don't forget the cosy corners. These are only general instructions, more details will be written next time. Or if you don't care to use these ideas you might take the Glee Club to the tea-room, for fried-egg sandwiches.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.



MONTY'S IDEA OF VIRGINIA MILTON
 AS LIBRARY MAID

THE "MALE" OF THE SPECIES

A look, a laugh, a flashing eye
 Then, mayhap, it looks again.
 A lift of the hat, a winning smile,
 A twirling slim slip of a cane,
 Two lips that know 'tis a Tee-white-lie.
 Will pass and which fall through;
 This smart, enticing creature, Man,
 What lass you ever knew
 Could even the dumbest of all desire
 When, seeming so artless, they sue—
 But, they, those creatures so fond of a revel,
 And withal so shockingly full of the devil,
 Are as soft as putty and just as malleable
 In the hands of the woman to him the most valuable.

J. S.

Sulphur water you must surely use
 If a lovely complexion you would choose,
 Hold your nose and drink it down
 And you'll be the fairest the whole world round.



"A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"

PREPAREDNESS

Freshman standing: 80 average; six trunks of clothes; Subscription to Vogue; a lover in the trenches; "Pep;" Speaking acquaintance with either John Powell or Pavlowa.

PETITION FOR PANTS

Society for many years here has been like the modest budding of the tiny violet. Dignity and modesty walk hand in hand, side by side, in complete harmony and unison. John Powell has said that "Dignity is the mask of mediocrity." Be that as it may, we and our contributors dare not offer any contradictions to such a statement but—dignity and modesty are ours and we are expressions of these two qualities in the class-room, on the campus, at the tea-room and all modes of our everyday life. These two qualities firmly established, we felt satisfied that herein lies one of our many superiorities over the other colleges of the land.

Now, after this introduction, setting forth our ideals, you will understand how upset our little community was when one day several radical, extreme beset seniors had the audacity to petition for pants, to be worn on the Hollins stage. Such nerve was never before ex-

hibited here. We dropped our eyes, and strove to hide our blushes, for always in order to uphold our customary dignity and modesty we had worn in our various manly impersonations that garment so typical of the aforesaid virtues—the skirt. Who are these "persons" who dare to thus destroy our ideals with their inane ideas? Just suppose for one wild moment that their petition for pants had been granted. Would you my fair reader have been surprised to hear an explosive "Damn" uttered by one of the actors on the stage? No! This would have been the natural outcome, and we would have only ourselves to blame, and would have thereby demolished our pedestal of Purity. Alas! Alas! We we are only grateful that the petitioners' requests went unheeded and that now we can return to the tranquil trammel of our ways, unmindful of this disturbing petition, which after all was but a ripple or bubble upon the surface of our otherwise quiet waters.



Individual Slice Neapolitan Brick Cream	10¢
Strawberry Parfait	10¢
Marshmallow Meringue Glace	15¢
French Pastries	25¢

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF——

Miss Mary Pleasants: Now Miss Bloodworth, who are the three Muses?

Miss Bloodworth—Faith, Hope and Charity.

May Steiner in History Class—Yes—Vesuvius erupted in 1776.

Christine Gholson—I just adore Madonna. Which one?

Why, I don't know—the one with the baby.

Eddie-Marie—Les, you're my May Queen.

Les—That's nothing, you're my April Fool.

New Girl, sweetly, to wearer of Mummy pin—"Oh, now isn't that sweet—I call my mother that too."

To Mary Brown, reading "Snappy Stories:" My dear, what are you reading?

Mary Brown—Pilgrim's Progress.

HEARD IN STUDENT COUNCIL

Gladys Gorman, reading from Mary Darden's report—"One call down given to Shirey for keeping her switch on after 10:30."

Allie Fechtig to Gladys—"Choate called down to second floor to ask Eddie-Marie to keep a date with Harrison for her. What would that be?"

Ruth Monroe—(piping up from her secluded corner)—"A Call Down!"

IN RESTRICTION

One day as a student in Studentville
Was breaking a rule, as students will
She gave to herself eternal renown
By acquiring that terrible, fifth Call-Down.

The cause of it all was a Darling fair
With eyes so blue, with golden hair,
To bid her good-night May wended her way,
Ne'er dreaming at all of the price she
must pay.

The bell pealed forth, the lights went out,
'Twas the hour when monitors wandered
about,
Our brave little May, now regretting her
date,
Went straight down to Prissie and an-
nounced her sad fate.

The fifth Call-Down took a week, just one,
The awful restriction was one-third gone;
The second week the skating was fine
But May was fast reaching the end of her
line.

Came the last sad week with the Special
Play
We pleaded, we begged, for our actress so
gay;
But were forced to go on to the sad bitter
end
With only occasional glimpse of our friend.

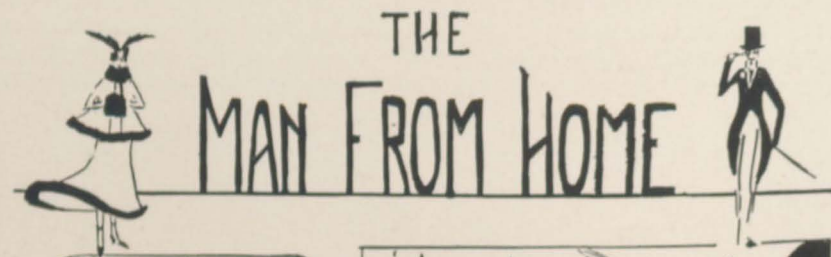
On the Eighteenth of February, that memor-
able date,
The three o'clock bell tolled the end of her
fate;
She returned to job in the Founder's Day
Play,
Thus endeth with joy the restriction of May.

E. S.

Oh, T-A-R folks on the steps,
And the T-A-R baby on the green,
The T-A-R folks said, "Come join us
And be our Big Thirteen!"

Say, did you hear about Dr. Kusian's A. B.,
B. A. course offered at Hollins?
What?
Apples and Bacon, Bacon and Apples.





THE MAN FROM HOME



Margaret Howard -
"The Man From Home."
The Monitor.
Del.



Anna Whitner
as
"Ethel Simpson" was
full of ambition, talent
and charm.



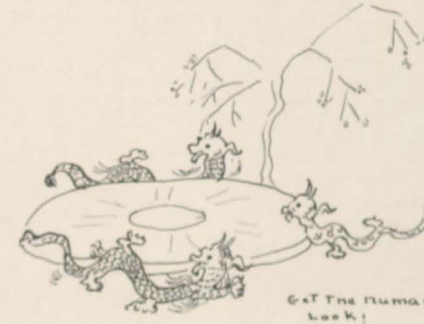
Gladys German
as Lady Creech
has made her first step
in a promising career.



Alma Hix
as
"Mrs. Alice St. Aubyn"
played the part of
a clever fool.

ON PREPAREDNESS

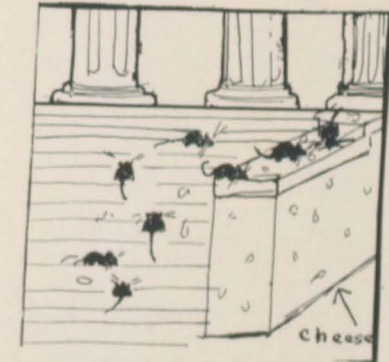
The session of nineteen fifteen has brought about great changes in the preparatory department. A radical preparedness policy has recently been adopted and we feel that it is



Get The Human
Look!

only fair to our successors to give them an outline of a few points in our preparedness plans. At the beginning of the year it was gently communicated to us that we had small chances of ever making a Literary Society, but nothing daunted we adopted warlike measures, prepared one of our own, and established an extensive rushing policy. Let us say right here that our advice to any of our members who wish a change of policy, is to get a crate of oranges or subscribe to Vogue.

Our advice to new comers is, when going into the drawing-room on Sunday night, to



seek a modest isolated corner on the floor. Do not try for a chair or presume upon a sofa. And do not be alarmed if you see one lone early diner occupying twelve seats. It's not a game of "Pussy Wants a Corner." It's just the Lambda Gammas or the Kappa Deltas showing their preference for themselves. Most of the campus is free hunting ground except for a few privately owned rocks and a monopoly on the library steps, but don't go bird hunting in the Forest of Arden on the first of May. You will ruin your chances. As a final warning, be careful to avoid all these little *faux pas*, or at the end of the Big Race you will find yourself an "also ran."

The "Prep" Editors.

THE TESTY TYRANT

In 1916, into this school,
Came a cruel despot here to rule
The Call-Down, who, regardless of all,
Rages and reigns over large and small.

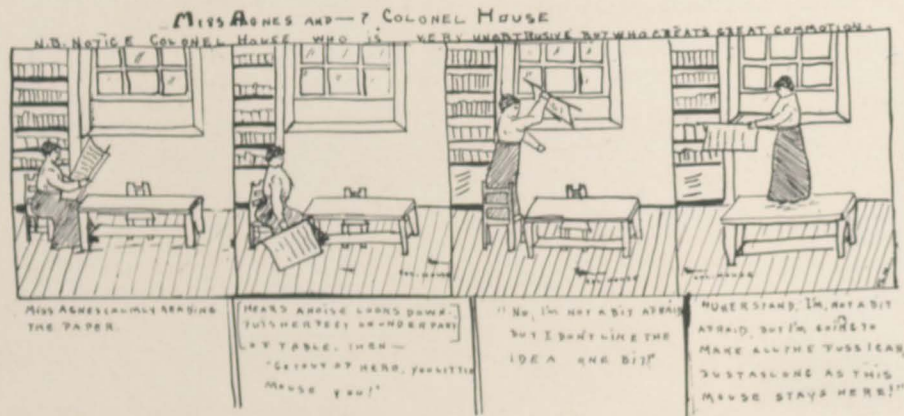
It's s-s-sh in the morning and s-s-sh in the
night,
Till behind all the doors we're locked up
tight;
A Proctor here, a Monitor there,
Squelching all noises with a terrible stare.

Lizzie with her roomie got gay one night
And indulged in a fine old pillow fight,
There was a step in the hall, a knock on
the door
And alas! poor Elizabeth is no more.

Second floor west is quite at its best,
For the Kaiser there rules without any rest;
Only the boards are permitted to squeak,
The girls, my goodness! but they've gotten
meek.

For years third West was the nest of
turmoil,
But now not a sound but the Call-Down
will foil;
For the sherlock-eyed Council there doth
dwell.
'Twas bad before but now 'tis—well.

Long may he live! this King of the Frown,
This stern-visaged Monarch, the mighty
Call-Down.



RUSHING

First it's Anne and Alice and Mary and May,
Then it's Betty and Bessie and Sarah—
oh, say,
Won't it ever stop—this infernal rushing?
This smiling and bowing and eternal gushing?
To college we came for study supposedly,
But such things we shirk every day most composedly;

To look at all Freshmen with eye quite appraising
And be sweet and nice to an extent amazing.
But wait 'til that day, the first of December,
Rolls 'round—just you hear me now and remember—
Then, 'tween us, my dear, I'll say on the level,
All new girls I know can go to the—

J. S.



Afterword

To-day, the SPINSTER is leaving our hands, but before we give it up, we would express the deep gratitude we feel toward those who have lent their genius to the building of this book. For their contributions, and their glad coöperation, we wish to thank Ruth Monroe, Ellen Chiles, Alice Thomas, Mildred Weedon, Lorene Berkey, Norah Anderson, Louise Bailey, Elsie Evans and Miriam Leckie. For their valued criticisms and suggestions, and their stimulating faith in our work we are particularly grateful to our friends, Miss Janet Worsham, Miss Margaret McClintock and Mr. Frederick A. Cummings. To you who will cherish this book we can but say that you have ever been our inspiration, and that we close our work with the same hope with which we began it, that fragmentary and imperfect though it is, you will ever find a treasure house of golden memories in this, the SPINSTER of 1916.

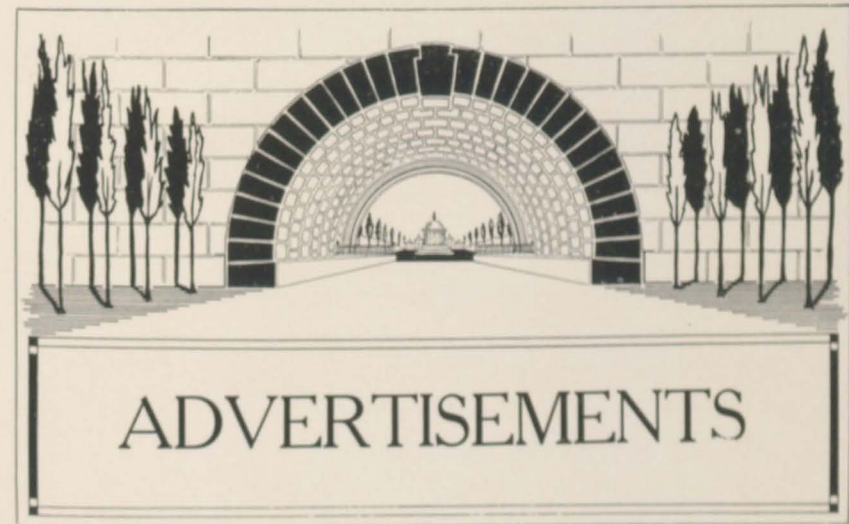
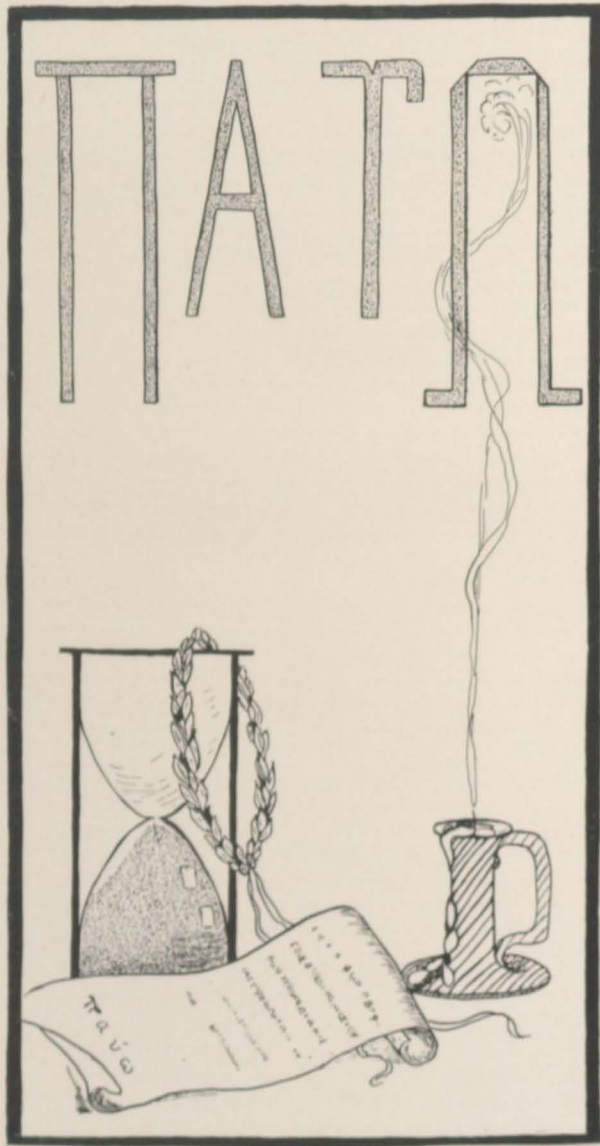
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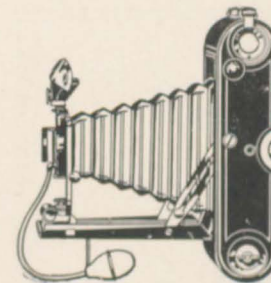


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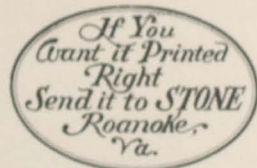
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